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ABSTRACT

This booklet presents seven complete portfolios (each consisting of four pieces of writing) and selections from seven other successful portfolios submitted by 1992 incoming freshmen to Miami University. The portfolios or selections in the booklet were considered to be truly outstanding among the 465 portfolios submitted in 1992. Authors of the portfolios or selections in the booklet received six credits in college composition and completely fulfilled their university writing requirements. The 1992 scoring guide for portfolios, the 1993 description of portfolio contents, the 1993 guidelines for portfolio submission, the 1993 portfolio information form, and a list of the 1992 supervising teachers are attached. (RS)

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The Best Of
Miami University's Portfolios
1992

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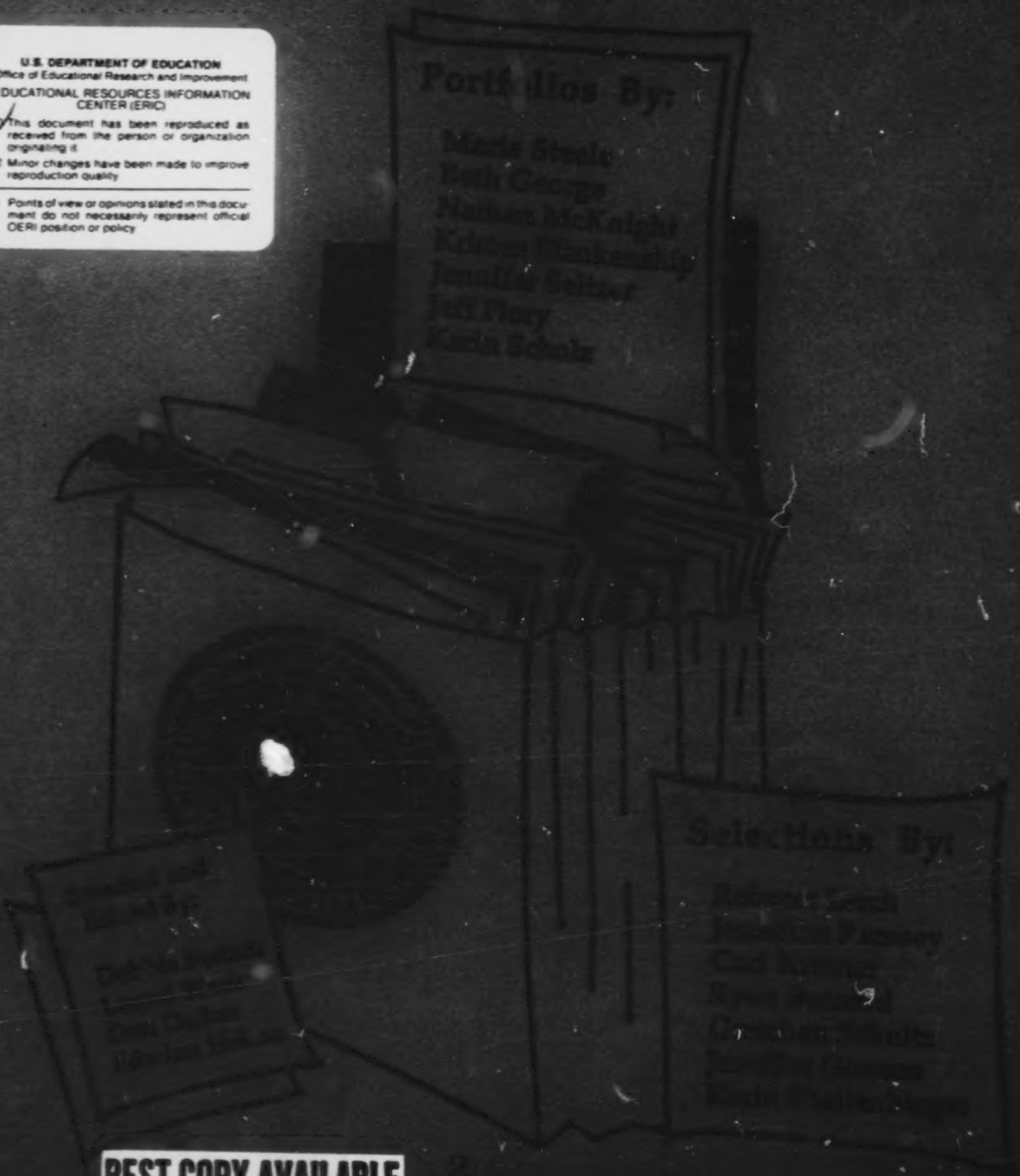

Portfolios By:

Marie Steele
Beth George
Nathan McKnight
Kristen Blankenship
Jennifer Seltzer
Jeff Flory
Karin Schulz

Selections By:

Rebecca Leach
Jonathan Ramsey
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Compiled and Edited by:

[illegible]

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The Best of Miami University's Portfolios 1992

Selected and Edited by

Debbie Bertsch
Laurel Black
Don Daiker
Edwina Helton

Department of English
Miami University
Oxford, OH 45056
(513) 529-5221
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Acknowledgments

In 1990 Miami University became the first institution of higher learning in the world to award entering students college credit and advanced placement in composition based on a collection of their best high school writing.

The Miami University Portfolio Writing Program was established by Laurel Black, Donald Daiker, Jeffrey Sommers, and Gail Stygall in order to encourage authentic high school writing and to provide a fair way of evaluating it. The success of the program—in 1992 more than 15% of Miami's incoming students chose to submit a portfolio—owes much to the support of C. Barry Chabot, Chair of the Department of English, and of Max Morenberg and Susan Jarratt, past and current directors of the composition program. Important help has also come from Myrtis H. Powell, Vice President for Student Affairs; James McCoy, Vice President for Enrollment and Director of Admissions; Kenneth H. Bogard, Registrar; and Kathleen R. Qualls, Bursar. The work of Cheryl Musselman, the program's administrative assistant, has been consistently splendid.

Five truly outstanding secondary English teachers helped create the portfolio program. They are Marilyn Elzey of Talawanda High School in Oxford; DJ Hammond of Madeira High School in Cincinnati; John Kuehn of Kettering Fairmont High School; Teri Phillips of Mt. Healthy High School in Cincinnati; and Doris Riddle of Norwood High School in Cincinnati. Other high school teachers whose recommendations helped shape portfolio contents and guidelines are Angela Brill of Mt. Healthy, Bob Dizney of Fairfield, Roseann Julian of Talawanda, Teresa McGowan of Hamilton, and Penni Meyer and Sharon Rab of Kettering Fairmont.

The Fund for the Improvement of Postsecondary Education has generously supported the portfolio program from its inception. FIPSE funds support not only this publication but the conference on "New Directions in Portfolio Assessment" here in October 1992. Additional funding has come from the Council of Writing Program Administrators, the Miami University College of Arts and Science, the Miami University Center for the Study of Writing, and Follett's Miami Coop Bookstore.

Above all, we thank the wonderful supervising teachers who have given their students the time, opportunity, and motivation to work on the varied kinds of writing that a portfolio requires. Again and again, participating students tell us in reflective letters and personal correspondence of their gratitude to teachers whose classrooms enable them to rehearse, draft, write, and—with responses from their classmates—to revise and edit. We thank teachers like Jeanne B. Stephens of Laurel School in Shaker Heights, Ohio; Lou Jobst of Parkway Central High School in Chesterfield, Missouri; Steve Turner of Hamilton High School in Hamilton, Ohio; Josephine D. Lewis of Hinsdale Central High School in Hinsdale, Illinois; Wanda Stevens of Carlisle High School in Carlisle, Ohio; and Patricia Gafford of Walter Johnson High School in Bethesda, Maryland. In an appendix we gratefully inscribe the names of all supervising teachers.

Debbie Bertsch
Laurel Black
Don Daiker
Edwina Helton

Introduction

We present the following pieces of writing with a great deal of respect for the 14 authors who created them and with much modesty on our own part. We doubt that at the age of eighteen we ourselves were able to achieve the sophistication of Marie Steele's story "The Love Letter" or the insightfulness of Kristen Blankenship's "Surrogacy: Baby Brokering or Fertility Phenomenon?" or the sensitivity to detail in Nathan McKnight's "Time Keeps Rolling." And these are just a few of the many creative, thoughtful, and original pieces that we admire in this volume.

We also present *The Best of Miami University's Portfolios 1992* with a great deal of respect for the teachers who encouraged and guided their students in the writing process. We take the quality of student writing demonstrated here as a sign of the dedication and talent of high school writing teachers working in Ohio and across the country today.

As you'll see, the seven complete portfolios* presented here each consists of four pieces of writing. In 1992, the required pieces for a Miami University portfolio were a reflective letter introducing the writer and the portfolio; a story or description; an explanatory or exploratory essay; and a response to a written text. You'll find a detailed description of the 1993 requirements in Appendix B at the end of this volume.

In addition to the complete portfolios published here, we've also included selected pieces from seven other successful portfolios. These seven selections, ranging from reflective letters to responses to texts, were judged as excellent pieces of writing in their own right.

Students whose portfolios were rated "very good" or "excellent" earned six credits in college composition and completely fulfilled their university writing requirements. Students whose portfolios were rated "good" received three credits in college composition and advanced placement (English 113). Students whose portfolios were rated "fair" or lower enrolled in two semesters of College Composition (English 111 and 112). In 1992, approximately 45% of the students who submitted writing portfolios received either three or six credits in college composition.

The portfolios and selections presented here were judged not only as "excellent" by faculty raters but as truly outstanding, the very best of the 465 portfolios evaluated in 1992. But it's important to remember that many, many other writing portfolios also earned college credit. We hope that *The Best of Miami University's Portfolios 1992* will not discourage students from submitting portfolios, but instead will inspire them to produce better work than ever.

We hope that you enjoy reading these portfolios and selections as much as we have.

---

*Each portfolio was originally no more than 12 pages. But in the process of preparing them for publication by standardizing type faces and adding introductions and comments, some of the portfolios now exceed the page limit.

Portfolio by Marie Steele

Madeira High School

Cincinnati, Ohio

Supervising Teacher: DJ Hammond

Author's Introduction

My name is Marie Steele. I come from Madeira, Ohio, a little township on the outskirts of Cincinnati. I went to Madeira High School. The concept of Mrs. Northcutt or Mrs. Hammond using my portfolio as an example there expands my ego more than I thought possible. I plan to enter the Western College program and eventually focus on literature.

Tragically, I have few interesting hobbies or interests. I have no pets (my goldfish died last year)—I forget to water my plants, and I find exercise to be painful. All that I can offer as an introduction is my love for reading and writing. I hope it is all the introduction I need.

REFLECTIVE LETTER

Dear Readers,

I love to write, and, sometimes, I write well. Sometimes I can point to a poem or a sentence I've written and see myself. I can see the part of me that is permanent and will remain after I stop being a restless eighteen year old trying to sound cute or cynical or earnest.

However, usually this doesn't happen. I've tended to unconsciously borrow the writing style of whomever I'm reading at the time. When I wrote my creative piece, I was enraptured with Sylvia Plath; seeing her restrained anguish ooze from my first draft now makes me cringe. Throughout the revisions, I've tried to eliminate any artificial melancholy, cliches, or sentimentality and struggled to create a voice with integrity. I didn't want my character to whine or become pathetic.

My literary analysis also ran the danger of cliches because I used one of Shakespeare's most famous soliloquies. But it was so beautiful, I couldn't help it. The other section of this portfolio, the explanatory essay, is really literary analysis—the text being modern slang. My inspiration was the television commercials saying, "This is your brain on drugs" and showing an egg frying on a skillet. It occurred to me that this image wasn't the result of a brilliant advertising executive; this metaphor was created through the terming of drug induced brain damage as "fried." The power and implications of slang phrasing are probably material enough for a book. But my English teacher required three pages. I never thought I'd enjoy writing those three pages as much as I did.

I am grateful for the time spent reading my papers and the opportunity to become exempt from certain classes as a result.

THE LOVE LETTER

Hey Luv,

How are you on days like today? The sun's in its mid-June glare and the clovers are fresh. I tied them together in a crown for you. (You're the only guy

I've ever met who was brave enough to wear one.) They're stiff and brown and dry now. Still, I can't throw them away.

The news, here in the wild town of Gladstone, has been minimal since you left. Chip caused an accident by pointing a squirt gun at an oncoming motorist, a few houses have been toilet-papered this summer, Dad just won his seventh consecutive free Coke from McDonald's "scratch 'n' win game" and has vowed to name his next child after the restaurant. And Katie broke the dishwasher after tampering with the controls, trying to delay doing the dishes those crucial twenty minutes.

The only other point of interest this summer was the funeral. Some forgotten great, great Uncle had a fatal stroke. It was strange being there—I wish you could have seen it. His face looked like a piece of dough drowning in flesh colored powder. A group of mothers were discussing the merits of breast feeding and a trickle of kids were wandering in the halls. Only three people cried. You probably would have cried with them. I didn't.

It was only the second funeral I've been to, and part of me was still numb from the first time. There, people stood like stone zombies, google-eyed and tight-lipped. At the wake the children were silent, and the women wailed.

I've changed a lot since you last saw me—I've stopped writing poetry. I can't help it. It makes me sick. Once I tried to burn the whole stack but Dad stopped me and is still hiding them out of fear. My hair sticks out in thick, sweaty, black tangles. By now, if you tried to pull a comb through it the teeth would fall out. My mom's been bullying me into cutting my bangs. "They're covering your pretty eyes," she says. "How can you see? Do you know how sloppy you look?" I refuse to let it happen, though. My eyes would be naked and exposed by a mid-forehead fringe. Everyone is still worried; complete strangers come up to me and ask how I am. The word "fine" has become an incantation with the power to soothe. My parents made me see a doctor because I cried so much, but then they stopped because the insurance didn't cover it.

But I feel better today. Not enough to forget you left me. But enough to forgive your leaving and to write you. This morning I was in the park watching kids torture cicadas when a little boy laughed at his brother eating sand. At first it was a squeal—but then the sound gained power so that both boys were in the sandbox, rolling and shaking. It must have lasted fifteen minutes, in hard spurts, pushing the air and scaring the wrens. It reminded me of you, of how you laughed and made the air tremble and the birds fly away. It made me want to sit there in the sand and laugh until my throat hurt. And it made me want to tell you how I've been and how now I am going to be OK. You don't have to worry now. I'm fine and I'm going to be fine.

Love,
Meg.

Meg threw the blue pen across the room. She looked hard at her pile of useless things she couldn't store away: her Raggedy Ann doll, a plastic rosary, an honorable mention for a 6th grade essay, a ceramic angel, and, on top, the withered flower chain. With an uncertain hand she placed the fossilized crown with her letter into the envelope. Outside it was dusk; she opened the window and looked up at the sky, which was soft purple deepening along the rims of the clouds. It smelled like grass. She smiled, and then she showered, scrubbing her face and pulling back her hair.

She stuffed the envelope and its contents into her pocket, stepped into her car, and drove. It was night when she finally reached the wrought iron gates proclaiming "Gates of Paradise." She stepped out and ignored the marble slabs and granite statues until she recognized her destination. Instead of staring at it, she stared up. The first stars made her calm and then, feeling strong, she placed the envelope on the stone marker.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF SLANG

As an English teacher, consider the merits of the following sentences.

After drinking the vodka, he was inebriated.
After drinking the vodka, he was smashed.

Both sentences communicate the same fact and are identical except for the last word. Inebriated and smashed, in the context, denote intoxication through alcohol. However, the difference between the two words lies beyond their definition. "Inebriated" says whatever it describes is drunk, and whoever is giving the description has an impressive and sophisticated vocabulary. "Smashed" says whatever it describes is drunk, and every stereotype that applies to slang users applies to the speaker. He/she is unsophisticated and lacks extensive education.

But "smashed" implies more. Through its root word, the verb "smash," and its onomonopoeic quality, "smashed" creates the image of something shattered. A drunk man becomes a man in pieces; alcohol becomes a violent, physical blow. The adjective, therefore, goes beyond adequate. It implies an entire metaphor.

Other slang adjectives for drunkenness include "sloshed," common during the 1940's, and "tight," used mostly during the twenties. All of these words trigger associations. The sound of "sloshed," through its "s"s and short "o," compels the memory of rubber boots in rain puddles. "Slosh" literally means to flounder or splash through water, and "sloshed" carries within it the implication of helplessness, of a loss of dignity through liquids. "Tight" connotes the definite physical sensation of tension. Of the fifteen definitions given for the word in my dictionary, the one closest to drunkenness uses "tight" to describe a drumhead. A drunk man is firmly stretched or drawn; a drunk man is pulled many ways.

The argument against slang is legitimate. Original and creative words become overused and quickly degenerate into cliches. They then must be discarded for newer words. The old slang becomes dated and eventually forgotten. However, some slang integrates with semi-formal English. "Yuppies," an anagram for young upwardly mobile professionals, is an acceptable term used by sociologists to define a class of people. Even the words which don't survive deserve to be acknowledged because they are part of the culture which created them and can be used as a tool to study that culture. In the late sixties, drug usage was described as "getting high" and a person suffering any emotional or neurological damage from drug usage was simply labeled "gone." It should be noted that now a person suffering irreparable brain damage is "fried." A shift in the language marks a shift in attitude, and records of slang should be preserved for cultural study.

Another argument against slang is its lack of precision. It is impossible to use slang to write exposition because slang doesn't lend itself to complex academic ideas. Its strength lies in its power to connote images, to conjure up a personal reaction. Anything which relies on what the individual associates with it could never be objective.

But it was never designed for cerebral intricacies. Its strength lies in its ability to make abstractions solid. The significant difference between "inebriated" and "smashed" is "inebriated" tries to name an intangible quality while "smashed" tries to make an intangible quality tangible. Its tendency to use concrete words to describe states of being, like drunkenness, is fundamental to the English language.

Emerson explained:

> Every word which is used to describe a moral or intellectual fact, if traced to its roots, is found to be borrowed from some material appearance. Right means straight; wrong means twisted. Spirit primarily means wind; transgression the crossing of a line; supercilious the raising of an eyebrow.

Slang is a legitimate tool of expression and communication. It contains a poetic power and the ability to provide a mirror to our culture. Both should be acknowledged.

THE TWO VISIONS OF MACBETH

In Macbeth, Shakespeare endowed each of his characters with a separate voice, mirroring the character's perspective. Through Macbeth's soliloquy on the death of his wife, and the doctor's on the sleepwalking of Lady Macbeth, Shakespeare presents two different views of life and its worth.

In the first soliloquy Shakespeare uses the persona of an ambitious king on the brink of battle. He is at the peak of his imagined invincibility when his wife's scream reminds him that he is capable of fear (V,v). Then he discovers his wife's death and offers his belief on life.

> Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow
> Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
> To the last syllable of recorded time;
> And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
> The way to dusty death. (V,v)

Because nobody has disproved his blinding confidence, his words are not spoken out of desperation. Because his first sentence after Lady Macbeth's death, "She should have died hereafter; There would have been time for such a word," gives no indication of real grief, just regret that he has no time for mourning before his battle, his words are not spoken out of sorrow. They objectively explain his beliefs and possibly mark the first full realization of those beliefs. He describes life as "this petty pace" which the future slips through to become the past, "our yesterdays," as guides fools misuse to fight the process of time. He elaborates on the "petty pace":

> Out, out brief candle!
> Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
> That struts and frets his hour upon a stage
> And then is heard no more. It is a tale
> Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
> Signifying nothing. (V,v)

"Walking shadow" and "brief candle" both use the metaphors of lightness and darkness because neither have substance. Macbeth doesn't foresee an afterlife for himself. And, despite his title of King, the power this entails, and the power (the ambition, the ruthlessness, and the murder of at least five people) necessary to acquire it, Macbeth's deeds are reduced to the over-flamboyant acts of a "poor player." The idiot telling the tale of humans' lives, filling it with noise and rage and emotion, but no meaning, is, presumably, either God or Macbeth. Macbeth's faith in his immortality and refusal to see beyond himself elevate him to the status of a god in his own eyes. Any other divine judge would condemn him, so he doesn't seek the judgment of God. The exact identity of the idiot is not specified because it is irrelevant.

Macbeth's view of life and God opposes the Doctor's. The Doctor, hired to alleviate Lady Macbeth's nightwalking, implies his belief in life's meaning by expressing his uselessness in ending his patient's misery.

> More needs she the divine than the physician.
> God, God forgive us all! Look after her;
> Remove her from the means of all annoyance,
> And still keep eyes upon her. So good night. (V,v)

In the first line the Doctor is able to acknowledge his inabilities—she will go on suffering despite whatever he, "the physician," does—and believe in life's meaning. He offers the existence of divinity outside of his own powers. This is the inverse of Macbeth's situation. Because of the weird sisters' prophecy, Macbeth is unaware of his vulnerability and mortality. However he doesn't accept the possibility of meaning in his life. For Macbeth, there is no worthwhile God to ask forgiveness from, and life, "the walking shadow," because of its brevity, is not worth the effort of forgiveness, or the removal of injury, or a tireless vigil. The doctor goes on to say that Lady Macbeth has "amazed my sight" (V,i).

After realizing the meaninglessness of life, Macbeth would have been incapable of amazement. Unlike Macbeth, the Doctor sees a place in heaven assured to him. In fact, "God, God forgive us all!" implies that the Doctor sees the hope of heaven for everyone. No one is past redemption or forgiveness. His soliloquy doesn't simply display optimism as a foil for Macbeth's pessimism. "God, God forgive us all!" becomes a prayer covering humanity. Mankind is not divided and judged, but offered up as "us all." The implicit assumption is of mass salvation.

Through the two voices of the Doctor and Macbeth, Macbeth encompasses the contradictions of disillusionment and prayer. The unquestioned assumption of God and the realized insignificance of God extend past the characters and their circumstances to become universal. Most elements of modern religion and art either detail the "tale/told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,/signifying nothing" or acknowledge the necessity of forgiveness and say, "God, God forgive us all!"

Readers' Comments on Marie Steele's Portfolio

Readers characterized this portfolio as creative, original, insightful, and truly memorable. "She does a terrific job in her reflective letter, balancing a discussion of her process of writing with an introduction to the texts readers will soon encounter," wrote one reader, while another observed, "She offers a wonderfully successful narrative filled with dandy images." There was also high praise for Marie's explanatory essay on slang: her supervising teacher called it "entertaining and informative," a Miami reader described it as "a thoughtful investigation into the intricacies of language," and another wrote, more specifically: "Its penultimate paragraph is especially wonderful in its rhythms and word choice." Finally, Marie's response to Macbeth was described as ambitious, intelligent, well-focused, profound, and fully-convincing. Marie's supervising teacher agreed, commenting that "She allows her readers to see even well-known passages from Shakespeare in a new way." One reader summed up his response to Marie's portfolio this way: "I can't tell you how impressed I am by the quality of thinking and writing it demonstrates."

Portfolio by Beth George

Kettering Fairmont High School

Kettering, Ohio

Supervising Teacher: John Kuehn

Author's Introduction

Hi, my name is Beth George, and I'm a graduate of Fairmont High School in Kettering, Ohio. I have twin brothers, Kevin and Doug, and a handicapped bird named Beeper. I have diverse interests ranging from an admiration of Impressionist art to playing sports, and I can give you only a glimpse into my personality on this page. This fall I will double major in English and French, and I want to become a high school teacher.

I have a passion for all things French. Art books on French artists line my book shelves, Monet and Van Gogh prints cover my bedroom walls, and posters of French sights such as Notre Dame and the Eiffel Tower take up any extra space. Ever since I visited Paris last spring, I combine my love for art with my intrigue of French culture, and I'm determined to live there someday.

My life used to be more sports oriented than it is now, but I still enjoy playing competitive softball. Just as the writer within me longs to express herself, so does the loud-mouthed left fielder who dives for fly balls just to end up with the dirtiest uniform on the team. I like being a team player: working for a common goal, but also the idea of competing with someone other than myself.

Lastly, I would like to thank Kim Gorman, John Kuehn, and Sharon Rab for reaching me and for making me feel unique. I couldn't have gotten a better high school education.

REFLECTIVE LETTER

Dear Miami University writing teachers,

Until my junior year of high school, I never even liked to write. My attitude changed when my English Lit teacher introduced a new side of writing and literature to me. Now, writing has become a part of me as I constantly strive to express myself with words. It serves several different purposes in my life, each one as important as the others.

At the beginning of the school year, I had to write a series of personal essays for college applications and for scholarships. I chose the question, "Describe a significant experience(s) and how it influenced you." I wrote about my mother's illness, but concentrating on its effect on me and my family. The essay "Breaking Away" was a healing piece for me and therapeutic for me to work through those confused, painful, and frightening memories. Every time I wrote, the pain lessened. I made connections between her illness and our breakdown of communication as I examined our lives and asked why? Since I resolved many of my ambivalent feelings, my relationship with my parents has drastically improved.

On a lighter side, I write poems for self-realization and short stories for pure enjoyment. Since brevity is not my strong point, finding the exact word or condensed phrase for a poem remains a challenge for me. Poetry helps me make sense of myself by giving me a channel for my emotions. I also like to fictionalize by writing short stories on ideas that just pop out of my mind. Sometimes, I base the plot on an experience that happened to me, but I change the characters and their reactions. I will often start a story, leave it for a few months, and pick it up on another whim.

Writing has changed my narrow-mindedness and immaturity by letting me explore different ideas and develop my own theories. It's hard for me to believe that two years ago I considered it a useless chore, but now writing has become an integral part of my daily routine.

A NIGHT AT THE BEACH

My younger brothers and I paused in the darkness on the wobbly deck that led down to the beach. We let the salty, South Carolina wind sting our sunburned faces and flow through our stringy hair. The air smelled new and exciting—so much different from the familiar Ohio air we knew.

"Do you think Aunt Monica and Uncle Bill will find out?" I asked.

"Nope," Doug answered, "it's after midnight and they're sleeping. I'm sure they didn't hear us leave."

We headed down the rickety stairs, groping for each step. My foot slipped, and Kevin grabbed my hand to keep me from falling. At the bottom, we could barely see the ocean, but we heard her roar as the high tide crashed against the shore. My feet sank as the cool, damp sand sifted between my toes. Kevin, Doug, and I raced to the shore with the wind howling in our ears and the ocean misting our faces.

"It looks really dangerous," Kevin gasped, "we could drown and get towed out to sea!"

"No, we'll just have to be careful," I added, "and nothing will happen."

I gazed out into the night as the waves crashed at my feet. I heard the ocean calling to us, beckoning us to swim in her depths and unlock her secrets. The full moon shone like a lantern to the traveling water, and the stars flickered with warmth. Far down the stretch of beach, a spectrum of lights decorated the tiny strip and smeared the darkness.

I flung my towel back into the sea grass and edged my way into the chilling water. The surf pounded against my legs, but I forced my way in.

"Beth, you're crazy, get back here!"

"I'm thirteen years old, I can do this if I want!"

The twins reluctantly followed behind me, whining, "Ohhh, it's so cold!"

The undertow pulled my feet from under me and sand invaded my swimming suit. A high wave crashed over me and immediately the tropical wind turned frigid on my skin. I let the ocean control me as she forced me closer to the shore and then drew me back out. The waves thundered over me as I held my breath. I emerged a moment later and gasped for air as the salt burned my eyes. I sensed that the ocean had towed us, but I couldn't tell how far. Darkness consumed the beach except for a tiny blur of porch lights. I heard my brothers taunting and provoking the waves with their laughter, but the untamable sea still knocked them down.

"Hey you guys, I'm going back to the shore. I'm freezing out here," I said, bobbing up and down with the tide.

"We'll be out later," Kevin yelled as he dove into the heart of a wave.

I glided through the water and splashed my way onto the beach. I searched for my towel and using it as a pillow, I collapsed in the sand and shut my eyes.

The next thing I remember was my brother's silhouette leaning over me, "Beth, hey Beth, wake up!"

"Huh, what? Where am I?" I panicked and reached for Kevin. I shook the wet, sandy hair out of my face and tried to adjust my eyes to the night.

"It's time to go. Don't you remember? You're on the beach and we've got to get back. We've been out here for over an hour," Doug said, shivering.

"Oh yeah." I groggily stood up and brushed the sand from my face. Did I fall asleep? Could I have been dreaming?

"C'mon Beth, if we get in trouble . . ."

"I'm coming, I'm coming."

I turned to the ocean one last time, but the surf no longer pounded against the shore. She lapped timidly at the sand. Powers from above had stripped her power, her authority, and her strength, leaving her defenseless. A threatening black cloud smothered our golden moon as I tied the soaked beach towel around my waist. Uncertainty had tainted our paradise, so I wrapped my arms around the twins' trembling shoulders, and we fled to the shelter and security of the beach house.

BREAKING AWAY

For eleven years my mother has been in and out of the hospital as a result of Toxic Shock Syndrome. The causes and symptoms of her rare disease baffled the doctors, so my father understandably worried more about his wife's health than his children's welfare. I had to settle for second, third, or even fourth place on my parents' priority list. I need to go to college to put some distance between my parents and me, so I can search for a career and a sense of self that is buried somewhere beneath painful memories.

As an eleven-year-old, I remember my father spending most of his time with my mother at the hospital. He left me with the responsibility of taking care of my twin brothers. My neighbors and I had to force them to eat meals, take baths, and go to bed by 9:00, but they never listened to us because we weren't their mommy.

Sometimes after dinner, my father would return home just to drag us back to the hospital to see her. The sickening stench of antiseptic filled every room. Nurses continually pumped painkiller into her veins as doctors monitored her progress. With the exception of a thin, white curtain, we had no privacy. I felt out of place, so I occupied myself by watching television and reading her get well cards. I don't know if I was happier that I didn't have to go, or more miserable that I didn't get to see her. This schedule steadily became a way of life for us.

I had a rough time when she stayed in the hospital through the holidays. A few years ago, my dad, my brothers, and I spent Christmas Day in her hospital room. We crowded around her bed to give her our presents, and we watched her weary hands struggle to open each box. Sadness overwhelmed me when she halfheartedly smiled and piled our gifts on her lap.

Each day brought a greater uncertainty since the doctors couldn't cure her illness; fighting the unknown only intensified our worst fears. Her health rapidly deteriorated, and I couldn't face the fact that she might die and leave us permanently. I had to remain strong not only for myself but also for my brothers, father, and mother.

Having to grow up before my time to try to understand our situation, I developed a deeper insight into life from the realities of coping with a sick mother. I grew up so I could find some answers, but I found only more questions. Why do these things happen? Why us? What is my role? I learned all too well how to deal with a crisis, but not how to handle everyday living. At critical times, each of us did what was necessary to hold our family together, but we sacrificed our chances of functioning as a normal family. We don't communicate or understand each other now because I distanced myself from the pain. Her illness brought us together, yet it drives us farther apart. I can't make amends for the past, but I am in control of my future. I am ready to make myself the most important priority in my life as I search for truth.

SILENT WAR

A man working hard to support a family, and a woman keeping house and raising children are traditional roles in a marriage; however, ideas like these lead to male superiority in the work force, in society, and in the eyes of women. "Chrysanthemums" by John Steinbeck, "A Work of Artifice" by Marge Piercy, and "The Ring" by Diane Wakowski all show the effects of male dominance on vulnerable women. The women in the poems and the short story cannot achieve self-fulfillment because of their learned helpless response to male dominance.

Through Steinbeck's depiction, Elisa Allen in "Chrysanthemums" is masked in a man's world by the clothes she wears and the chores she does.

> Her face was lean and strong . . . . Her figure looked blocked and heavy in her gardening costume, a man's black hat pulled low down over her eyes, clodhopper shoes, a figured print dress almost completely covered by a big corduroy apron . . . . She wore heavy leather gloves to protect her hands while she worked. (318)

The masculine outfit completely disguises her dress and her femininity as she devoutly works in her small, enclosed flower bed. ". . . Even her work with the scissors was over-eager, over-powerful. The chrysanthemum stems seemed too small and easy for her energy" (319). The traditional feminine role confines her to raising flowers instead of crops, but her talents and desire far exceed these strict limitations. Elisa spends her time growing the biggest chrysanthemums in town because she has control in her flower bed while any other outlet for her talents would require a new risk. Her husband Henry tends to business, but Elisa's life revolves around her flowers.

The bonsai tree in the poem "A Work of Artifice" shows Elisa's stunted growth as a wife as Piercy writes:

> The bonsai tree
> in the attractive pot
> could have grown eighty feet tall. . .
> But a gardener
> carefully pruned it. . .
> Every day as he
> whittles back the branches
> the gardener croons,
> It is your nature
> to be small and cozy,
> domestic and weak;
> how lucky, little tree,
> to have a pot to grow in. (612)

Like the little bonsai tree, Elisa is confined to her flower bed by her husband, society, and era. She conforms to preconceived notions of submissiveness and assumes no other role. Ironically, Elisa says of her flowers, "They'll grow fast and tall . . . In July, tell her to cut them down about eight inches from the ground, . . . before they bloom" (322). Elisa, a trimmed product of the gardener, confines her own dreams and ambitions to a flower pot, and she whittles them back to fit her own domestic reality before they can grow.

A tinker unexpectedly visits the farm looking for work. He flatters Elisa, asks her for some of her wonderful flowers, feeding on her enthusiasm just to get her business. Elisa slowly recognizes her femininity through the removal of her masculine clothes. "Oh, beautiful. Her eyes shone. She tore off the battered hat and shook out her dark pretty hair . . . The gloves were forgotten now" (322). By removing her articles of clothing, she steps out of her protected garden into an unexplored territory where she longs to prove her worth as a woman. Elisa finds a spark of confidence when the stranger acknowledges her self-worth by encouraging her talent. Giving the tinker the flowers, her dreams, is Elisa's first step to acting on her overwhelming passion. Determined, she says, "You might be surprised to have a rival some time. I can sharpen scissors, too. And I can beat the dents out of little pots. I could show you what a woman might do" (323). Her heightened confidence overshadows any doubts of failure in her quest for equality.

After he leaves, Elisa experiences a separation from the male influence upon her, and she becomes a complete woman. "She tore off her soiled clothes and flung them into the corner. And then she scrubbed herself with a little block of pumice, legs and thighs, loins and chest and arms, until her skin was scratched and red" (324). Elisa believes she can conquer anything, and she longs to fill the emptiness inside her with achievement and success.

Driving into town, Elisa sees her dark pile of flowers lying in the road. Her hopes and dreams, an actual part of herself, left the wire fence in search of gratification, only to be destroyed and exposed by male ignorance. "He might have thrown them off the road. That wouldn't have been much trouble, not very much. But he kept the pot . . . That's why he couldn't get them off the road" (325). The same man who cultivates her dreams kills them and keeps the container which holds them. Her dreams are aborted before given the chance of survival. Feeling dejected and desperate, "She turned up her coat collar so he could not see that she was crying weakly—like an old woman" (325). Her shattered hopes of achievement and self-worth overpower her strength, leaving her floundering for control. Her tears show her rejection and lost hope of ever fulfilling her dreams.

The woman's rejection in the poem "The Ring" compares with Elisa's feelings as Wakowski writes:

> And the ring hangs there
> with my keys,
> reminding of failure.
> This vain head full of roses,
> crystal,
> bleeding lips,
> a voice doomed to listen, forever,
> to itself. (1021)

This vulnerable woman tortures herself with her wedding band because her husband has left her. No one will ever see her vain head full of beauty and expectation because she fears another total rejection. Just like the ring, Elisa's flowers remind her of failure and never again will she reveal her ambitions to anyone but herself.

The women in the short story and the poems lack the knowledge to defeat the predetermined limits placed on them by parents, men, and society. Unfortunately, Elisa's mother never developed her talents as a gardener, teaching Elisa the same passiveness. A gardener, a tinker, and two husbands have determined the fate of three trusting women under their influence. The men don't see the enormity of the consequences that their actions bring about. Elisa tries to break free, but her mighty will is crushed along with her flowers in the road. The men had doused the fire within the women, leaving nothing but shells who cannot act on the dreams, desires, and ambitions that fill their souls.

Readers' Comments on Beth George's Portfolio

Readers were immediately struck by the ways in which Beth's letter demonstrated sensitivity to herself as a writer and supported the rest of the portfolio. Her effective use of dialogue and descriptive language in the narrative also drew praise from readers. "Her details are vivid, relevant; they make magic happen," wrote her supervising teacher. Readers were moved by Beth's courage and honesty in confronting a painful subject through her exploratory essay: "She trusts her readers," commented one, while her supervising teacher wrote: "This is full of passion." Readers were delighted by Beth's response to a text, describing it as original, substantial, insightful, informative, and intelligent. "I'm impressed by her connection of texts of different genres," wrote one reader, while another praised Beth's strategy of placing the short story in the context of feminist poetry as a "risky, daring, and utterly successful move." Most important for Beth's supervising teacher and Miami readers was the "significance" of the whole portfolio, the way it sought after meaning. Beth's supervising teacher wrote: "This is a portfolio full of pursuits."

Portfolio by Nathan McKnight

Pace Academy

Atlanta, Georgia

Supervising Teacher: Ricks Carson

Author's Introduction

The power of the written word is amazing. In many ways it is like a firecracker. It can be damaging and dangerous, and it can be brilliant, exciting, entertaining, and enlightening. Giving examples to illustrate my theory would be like trying to let a simple drop of water over the top of a dam. Every written account can be likened to an explosive—even if it's a trash novel that just fizzles out as a "dud."

Don't be overwhelmed by my philosophical declaration of the obvious; the theory occurred to me as my glazed eyes contemplated a blank word processor screen at 11 PM. My name is Nathan McKnight—in case you hadn't read that above. I'm a born Yankee who has enjoyed growing up in Atlanta, Georgia for 17 of my 19 years; that's not to say I'm done growing—trust me, we're all still growing in one way or the other.

I enjoy writing that is clean and honest and yet makes no excuses for humor and isn't afraid to be a little smart-ass. That's the writing style I am currently striving for—but like most things, writing style is a moving target. In the odd event that you're interested in hearing any more of my theories on writing, continue reading into my Reflective Letter.

One last thing—allow me to throw a crutch out for the writing that follows. If while reading my portfolio you arrive at a part that doesn't blend or make perfect sense, well, please just assume I had to chuck out a paragraph or two to stay within the portfolio length limit. Yeah, that's it.

Thanks for your interest. — N. M.

REFLECTIVE LETTER

The following three papers represent, within the confines of this portfolio, who I am as a writer. All three papers focus on topics which are close to me: motorcycles and art. By writing on topics that interest me personally, I am able to channel true and honest energy into the meaning and words, and I have learned that the effect is noticeable. If I am not interested in a topic, it is especially difficult to interest my reader. I am afraid many students learn to dislike writing because of the narrow confines and often "dry" topics that teachers prescribe. I have been fortunate enough to have had teachers that allowed a degree of freedom in our writing. If it is not a creative writing project or poem, my teachers have at least been careful to allow their students a variety of topics to choose from.

My high school, Pace Academy, places a strong emphasis on writing. As freshmen, Pace students feel inundated with the amount of writing required. However, we eventually learn to write carefully and consistently: pressure makes diamonds. The demand of quantity and quality from our papers led me to learn to compose on the computer. I prefer to write with "mind music" on in the background. This I have found entertains the left half of the mind and allows the "writing spheres" to concentrate.

I prefer creative writing to analytical works. Analytical writing is challenging because I often find myself trying to add interest to an uninteresting topic. While research-type papers require me to balance free-thought with "business," the creative writing process is a relaxing "vent" for me. Perhaps my most mystic writing experience occurred while working on a "Journey" related creative writing paper. I had an idea and emotion within me: I came home from school on Friday, canceled all plans, turned on the word processor and my headphones, and began writing. The next day, countless hours, and 20 pages later, I had a short story of which I am still very proud.

Writing is an important educational and recreational medium. The learning or enjoyment can come on your own time; the auditory mediums do not provide that advantage. I hope some day I can write something that will be meaningful to a mass of people.

TIME KEEPS ROLLING

Some things never change. I have an old photograph of a golden-haired, soft-eyed three year old. It's hard to believe it now, but that little kid turned into me. In the photograph, I am confidently straddling a little white Harley-Davidson. It happens to be made of plastic, but I don't remember being very concerned about high-tech alloys or billet aluminum back then anyway. My pudgy fingers are grasping the plastic handgrips, and on my childish face there is a tense smile—I'm not sure exactly when I mastered the "I don't give a crap" expression but I seem to be practicing it in this photo. I'm wearing a shirt that only John Wayne could get away with; God knows where I got those pants, but I do know that my younger sister now wears the type of shoes I have on in the photograph.

I conquered the magical technique of balance and pedaling soon after; my mom says I learned to ride a bike at a very early age. Photographs exist depicting me in similar outfits, proudly pedaling a brass-colored Schwinn bicycle. Like the earlier bike, this Schwinn faded from everything but photographs. I'd love to see them both now; I'd clean them and put all my high-tech waxes over their puny surfaces.

When I had a younger brother old enough to sit and pedal, he and I mounted up on our mean "big-wheels"; they were tricycles on steroids, and we knew it. Mine was green and black, and a button made it growl; my brother's was flashier and had shiny streamers hanging off the bars. We toured the backyard and cruised our inclined driveway.

Our driveway has become more wrinkled over the years, but it still consists of a large turn-around and two slopes which angle slightly and dish off into the street. (Somehow I recall the driveway being much longer and larger back then.) The traditional form of braking was accomplished by a) sanding the soles of our shoes off, and b) using a corner of the lawn to break the wheels' momentum. (I recently came across a tiny pair of cowboy boots with a mysteriously worn heel.) In Autumn, large piles of leaves were able to arrest our progress, but not the fun. I still remember the dry scent of colored leaves in the afternoon sun.

A few years later, well I guess when I was about twelve, I remember getting another bad roll of the dice. I won a ten-speed bike in an art contest, and I had taken my trophy out to my grandparents' in Sandy Springs. I discovered a large abandoned space behind some stores. It was poorly paved and had several sand and gravel traps; today it has a fresh coat of asphalt. Anyway, on this summer day of my twelfth year, I was practicing riding with no hands. I had become quite good at directing full orchestras and offering obscene gestures while pedaling the bike. On one pass I was paying too much attention to the percussion instruments and too little attention to the sand traps. And I just so happened to be going fast. Naturally, the bike and I parted ways, but I did manage to grab onto the seat—and be dragged for a fair distance. I suppose I realized there was no one to cry to—just me, the bike, and the pavement. Nowadays, that situation seems ideal, but on that day it was less than joyous. I pedaled back to my grandparents, watching as every stroke of my legs pushed a new wave of blood out of my wonderfully exposed knees. My tolerance of pain has been different ever since the day I sat on the floor and watched my Grandmother administer the only form of disinfectant she had on my open body—rubbing alcohol. I suppose it could have been worse; she might have used Liquid Drano.

In the following years I learned how to pull and ride wheelies and how to watch the bike go shooting out from underneath me. Slicing turns and slaughtering tires were also added to my repertoire, but I never grew out of two wheels. Even today, there are few things that can clean my sinuses and clear my mind like a ride on two wheels.

Eventually, I accumulated more money than energy, and at the age of eighteen, I bought my first bike with my own money. This one weighs four-hundred and fifty pounds and is a lot shinier than the plastic one in that old photograph. It runs on dinosaur-energy and leaves me with adrenaline rushes, not just sweat.

But you can still see the same smile.

RIDING AGAINST THE GRAIN

Carpe Diem. A single headlight pops over a rise in the road. 11,000 RPM; upshift. Dismiss the clutch. Rocketing parallel to the mountain. God knows what speed. Set up for the turn. Ease in, eyes to the turn exit. Roll throttle out of turn. Straighten. Downshift and accelerate. Moderate speed. 5,000 RPM. Man and machine slice through another hairpin with a stream of conscience. Thank you God for turns. Morning sunlight flickers the helmet with stroboscopic speed. Climbing, leaning, climbing. Cut back throttle. You start to realize why you slowed. Raising your face shield, a wave of honeysuckle and pine scent wash over you. All too soon it seems, the unit purrs into the gravel overlook at the top of the mountain. Hazy blue mountains stretch to oblivion, and the trees around you dance in the breeze. For the first time in 45 minutes, your feet touch the ground. The engine obligingly rests, sharing with you the anticipation of the descent. The senses are alive.

Unfortunately for the reader, the above experience is about as gratifying as licking the residue off a sample spoon at the local ice cream parlor. (I must be careful in introducing this topic so as not to scare off the reader.) In the world of motorcycling, few people get a heaping dish of ice cream. Modern American society presents too many obstacles. People refuse to see motorcycles as anything more than the suicide death machines of punks and terrorists. The public at large perceives motorcycles as a ludicrous and undignified method of transportation. Well, who cares what they think, it just leaves the demand and prices lower for the rest of us. However, I suppose it would only be considerate for me to share my information on the topic with the reader.

Anyone you ask who has never ridden a motorcycle can sum up their expertise on motorcycles in about two words: "They're dangerous!" I have bad news: Life is dangerous; it's full of risks, challenges, and the roll of dice, but worst of all, you only live once. (That's not a deistic statement.) Sorry, I won't delve into philosophy, it's so easy to when I have your undivided attention.

My point is, the reputation of motorcycles is largely undeserved. Everyone has their own gory motorcycle accident story; I've heard each scenario at least a dozen times. The blame always lies on the rider, whether it was his error, or his inability to avoid or lessen the error of someone else. The problem is, safe cycling requires a fair amount of skill and a great amount of responsibility. These are the very things most victims lack. A lucky rabbit's foot won't help a rider, he needs skills to deal with emergency situations.

Based on various studies, allow me to make a quick inventory of things a rider can do to reduce his chances of being involved in an accident. The percentages are derived mainly from the Kraus study. The recommendations will seem terribly logical, but these mistakes still cause accidents every year. First, be very cautious on bikes you aren't familiar with, for the manners of bikes vary greatly—reduces odds 39%. Get a motorcycle riding license, it's the law, and it will at least assure you have the most basic skills—reduces odds 66%. Never ride under the slightest influence of any controlled substance, balance is key to biking!—reduces odds 88%-90%. Most importantly, get trained! A twenty hour safety/skill course only costs around $25.00, and it reduces your accident chances by 95%.

Despite these common mistakes, which hint that riders are actually part of a subspecies, experienced motorcyclists are some of the safest people on the roads because of their knowledge and awareness of hazards. You'll never catch a rider talking on the phone, putting on lipstick, combing hair, blasting a radio, or engaging in conversation.

There still remain numerous ways for riders to go awry. Many neglect necessary preventive maintenance; chain tautness, and tire pressure in particular are key to safe operation. However, let's say a rider neglects every single precaution previously mentioned, he still has a wild card: appropriate dress.

If I had a dollar for every rider I've seen "underdressed" for riding, I could own the most expensive bike available! Sorry folks, light clothes just don't cut it—they get you cut. And I'm not talking about the fact that at 65 degrees Fahrenheit and 55 mph, you experience temperature of 35 degrees. I'm talking about falling off your bike. Just ask any professional motorcycle racer; these guys fall off 150 mph-plus bullets, and they can tell you how much protection proper dress offers. Leather suits, supplemented with padding, provide ample protection against the teeth of asphalt. Furthermore, modern helmets offer comfort and protection which make predecessors seem like toys. Clothes don't just make the man—they can save him. If more riders would observe simple precautions like these, motorcycles might not be considered so dangerous.

These facts simply represent the defense of motorcycles. They don't begin to assert the advantages of motorcycling, like 40-80 mpg, plenty of parking, no traffic, low cost, low maintenance, and of course the rejuvenating freedom. If confused over this last advantage, see paragraph one, or better yet, go ride.

EVALUATION OF WAYS OF SEEING BY JOHN BERGER

Ways of Seeing is a collection of seven essays compiled by John Berger and four associates. Based on the BBC television series "Ways of Seeing," the four written essays supported with images, and the three "essays" of reproduced paintings, explore a variety of topics and persuade the reader with different techniques. The skill and clarity of the essayists vary, but all of the essays make numerous and valid observations. The picture essays lead the reader into a whole pasture of meaning and significance, each reader interpreting these essays with the same freedom we have when viewing any work of art.

The first essay is profound in its insistence that sight and imagery are the basic languages of mankind. Part of the power these essays possess is their ability to state in words what many of us already subconsciously know and take for granted. Case in point, the definition of an image:

> An image is a sight which has been recreated or reproduced. It is an appearance, or a set of appearances, which has been detached from the place and time in which it first made its appearance and preserved—for a few moments or a few centuries. (9-10)

We may take this information for granted, but as an artist, it is helpful to gain a written understanding of these concepts. The first essay, like the rest, has a tendency to jump from topic to topic. Essay #1 discusses "mystification," and then takes up a topic which I took particular note of: how the camera and mass reproductions have changed art and the way it is created and viewed. This topic may be considered a primary vein throughout all of the essays. The camera allowed man to realize that pictures did not necessarily have a center of perspective. Essay #1 then goes on to explain how photography and visual reproductions turned the world upside down by giving the power of imagery to the masses; before only the wealthy could afford to buy into the world of art.

The availability of mass-produced reproductions eventually led to where we are today—what many would consider an abuse of power. The seventh essay continues this train of thought as it denounces the power images have over the masses—a cry to be wary of "publicity images." The essayist contends that the advertising industry has taken over our psyches by continuously taunting us with images of possessions, wealth, and happiness. Ads allure us by appealing to our fantasies, goals, sexual desires, and basic greed. The author feels publicity is cheap, though successful, because it "speaks in the future tense and yet the achievement of this future is endlessly deferred . . . Its essential application is not to reality but to daydreams" (146).

The third and fifth essays venture out in different directions—directions which I found less constructive or profound. The third essay is enough to infuriate any women's-libber; it tries to corner the usefulness and position of women on earth—and their resulting place in paintings. In my opinion it is a poor attempt to organize a thesis and a misdirected cause. The fifth essay discusses the birth, growth, and abuse of oil pigments in painting, as well as the fine points and best applications. The dates of traditional oil painting are set as 1500 to 1900, as the author humorously remarks:

> The end of the period of oil painting (cannot) be dated exactly. Oil paintings are still being painted today. Yet the basis of its traditional way of seeing was undermined by Impressionism and overthrown by Cubism. (84)

This essayist concludes with a look at the character and styles the "Masters" brought to the beloved field of traditional oil painting.

Relating my conclusions of the three pictorial essays is beyond the scope of this essay. Each viewer will come away from these with his or her own unique impression and interpretations; this is part of the message the pictorial essays have to make. Let it simply be said that everyone should stroll through these essays; they are just as meaningful and educational as any of the written texts.

Every artist should be exposed to this work of John Berger's. It is an excellent starting manual for anyone buying, selling, or making art.

Readers' Comments on Nathan McKnight's Portfolio

At all levels, from ideas to sentences, Nathan's portfolio impressed readers. "This is in some ways a sweeping portfolio, wide-ranging, always on the verge of a delightful digression," wrote a Miami reader. "His sentences are bone-hard and clear," wrote his supervising teacher. The author's sensitivity to detail, his original use of metaphor and keen sense of audience impressed readers. "What creative language!" one wrote. One reader loved the mood and tone of the narrative, another found his mind changed by the explanatory essay. "An intelligent, strong, and confident voice pervades this portfolio," wrote a reader, and the author's supervising teacher agreed, noting the writer's willingness to "strike an irreverent note." She adds, "This is lively, true writing."

Portfolio by Kristen Blankenship

Blanchester High School

Blanchester, Ohio

Supervising Teacher: Bonnie Pritchard

Author's Introduction

It would be easy for me to say, "Hi, my name is Jane Doe. I live in Anywhere, Ohio and I enjoy bird watching and water ballet." But conformity frightens me. To truly know me, you would have to meet me, so instead of a personality profile, I'll tell you how I came to love writing.

As a young girl, I always loved to write, but I never really appreciated it until high school. The teacher who influenced me the most was my English teacher, Mrs. Pritchard. My first year in high school was her first year of teaching, so we shared a bond of new beginnings. I quickly saw what a wonderful person and excellent teacher she was. Mrs. Pritchard taught me how to express my thoughts in a clear and orderly fashion, and how to use description to enhance a story. I went on to enjoy two more years of learning from Mrs. Pritchard. I read great works of literature and wrote essay after essay. She was a tough teacher, but a great one. I was looking forward to having her as a teacher all through my high school career. Then something happened to destroy that hope; Mrs. Pritchard had a baby! She chose to stay home, so a new chapter in her life was beginning, but a chapter in mine was ending.

This is why I chose Mrs. Pritchard as my supervising teacher. She worked with me and guided me through high school to become a good writer. She pushed me to do what she knew I could, and this portfolio is proof. Mrs. Pritchard made me love to write!

This portfolio is dedicated to Bonnie Pritchard. I'll never forget her.

REFLECTIVE LETTER

Dear Miami University writing teachers,

My interest in writing began at an early age. In elementary school, I would much rather have written a story than to have done a math worksheet, and my grades often showed it. One day, when I was in first grade, I decided that instead of doing the tedious assignment from my math workbook, I would write a story. When my teacher came to collect my math and saw my story instead, she sent me straight to the principal's office. It seems that writers are always stirring up trouble! Fortunately, my principal just chuckled and said I was a creative child with a good imagination. Somehow he summed up my entire personality in that one sentence.

Since then, writing has continued to play a major role in my schooling, and it has always come easily to me. When I received the information on the writing portfolio, I was sure that forming it would be an easy task. I planned to just go through my old folders, pick out my best work, and do a little revising. As I looked over my work, however, I realized that the pieces I created as a younger writer simply were not good enough; even my "A" papers needed substantial revision. I have learned that every piece of writing, no matter how good, can be improved. A writer's work truly is never done.

The portfolio was a challenge, but I enjoyed the opportunity to improve my writing. My narrative/description deals with a problem that plagues many teenagers, but sadly, isn't discussed enough. Writing this story helped me come to a positive realization about myself. My exploratory essay is based on research I did in my junior English class. I was fascinated by the subject of surrogacy, and through my research, I formed some strong opinions. I was glad for the opportunity to readdress this topic. The last piece I have enclosed came from an assignment in my Great Books class. I compared the main characters in Tess of the D'Urbervilles and The Scarlet Letter, two books I thoroughly enjoyed.

Assembling this portfolio has given me the unique opportunity to step back and look at all of the writing I have done, assess my strengths and weaknesses, and discover how much my writing ability has developed. As I prepare at Miami for a career in journalism, I look forward to continued growth as a writer.

CONQUERING THE "WEAK TYRANT"

As the young girl stood alone in the corridor, staring at the cold, gray walls that surrounded her, she reminisced and wondered if it had all been worth it. All the food hiding, the sneaking to the bathroom after meals, the pills, the guilt. Was endangering her health and worrying her parents worth being thin? The answer was unclear to her, but she knew her behavior could not continue, and her parents knew it as well. As she stood in the hallway of the hospital, she reflected back over the chaotic events of the last few months.

It all begin with a television program. Ironically, an Afterschool Special designed to aid teenagers with eating disorders first gave her the binge-purge idea. To the world, she was a mature, intelligent young lady from a loving and stable home; she had everything going for her. What people could not see, however, was the silent pain and anguish that enveloped her. For years, she had been teased by the thin little look-alike dolls—people she called friends Every day, the taunts, the laughter, and the name calling gnawed at her soul and lapped up her self esteem. If it was not her weight they made fun of, it was the unusual flame color of her hair or her duck-footed walk. It all came to a climax her seventh grade year. She felt she had to do something drastic to win the acceptance of her peers. That fateful afternoon, as she sat on the huge couch, alone, watching the raindrops shimmy down the window, she heard the echoes of the actors' voices above the buzz of the television, and something clicked. Bulimia would be her way to escape the pain and the teasing.

At first, her behavior was moderate. She ate regular meals, and vomited just once a day. The purging gave her control, something that she had always lacked. Soon she began to binge, eating a bag of buttery popcorn, a box of chocolate King Dongs, three chicken sandwiches, and two bowls of fudge nut swirl ice cream at one sitting. Then the feeling came. That feeling of ecstasy, of knowing she was in control and fooling everyone. In the beginning, the binging only happened a few times a week, but as she dove deeper into her behavior, it became a daily occurrence.

To her, it was an exciting game: her parents and her friends were her pawns, and she played it with confidence and ease. She was not hurting anyone. She was taking control of her situation. In truth, however, she was far from in control. Not only was she destroying her digestive system, her esophagus, and her teeth, she was also rapidly becoming a slave to this addiction. She craved the high she got from binging and purging. She sneaked food and ate it in a matter of seconds. Her only dinner company was the bleak and desolate darkness of her own room. She became fearful that her parents would discover her behavior, so when the feeling to throw up came, she went to the shower, where the tortured sounds of her retching and gagging could not be heard above the running water. It was the perfect strategy in her game. She saw no end to it. She wanted no end to it! But someone saw the signs, and soon the game was over.

The girl thought she had been so careful. She had played the role of the stable, happy, all-American teen. Someone saw beyond that though, and knew she was in tremendous danger. That someone was her cousin and friend, Beth, who had found the shoebox full of diet pills, laxatives, and diuretics. Blue, pink, green, white: every color and shape of pill imaginable. Beth confronted her cousin's parents, and then the healing began.

There she stood, in the quiet hallway of the eating disorders unit in the local hospital where her parents had admitted her. It would be a difficult and unfamiliar road ahead, but the girl knew that if she continued her dangerous behavior, she would eventually die. She was ready to heal.

The girl spent a month in the hospital and continued outpatient treatment for several months afterward. Today, she is a healthy, happy seventeen-year-old, preparing to enter Miami University in the fall. I, Kristen Michelle Blankenship, am the young girl in this narrative. It has not been easy, but now, five years later, I can proudly say I am no longer a slave to bulimia. I have learned to value my individuality instead of letting it destroy me; as Thoreau said, "Public opinion is a weak tyrant compared with our own private opinion."

SURROGACY: BABY BROKERING OR FERTILITY PHENOMENON?

Surrogate motherhood is not a new concept; it has been in existence for thousands of years. Even in biblical times, surrogates were used to enable infertile couples to become parents. We are told, for example, that Sarah, unable to bear children, sent her husband to her maid Hagar. Through this action, Sarah and Abraham were given a son. Today, surrogacy has been completely revolutionized; no longer is there any intimacy when a child is conceived, only a doctor and a syringe. Custody battles and emotional turmoil often follow the birth of a surrogate baby as well. Surrogate motherhood is not the beneficial miracle of modern technology that it seems, and it should be restricted.

Surrogacy is a simple concept, yet it produces complex situations. "One appointed to act in place of another" is the dictionary meaning of the word surrogate. This definition, however, mentions nothing of the emotional or ethical questions. The biggest problem with surrogacy is the fact that time and time again, a surrogate mother forms an emotional attachment to the child she is carrying, which makes it difficult for her to relinquish the child after its birth. A perfect example of this situation is the highly publicized Baby "M" case. Mary Beth Whitehead chose to be a surrogate mother for an infertile couple, William and Elizabeth Stern. She was contracted to carry and give birth to a baby for ten thousand dollars, but changed her mind after baby Melissa was born. The ensuing court battle ended in heartache and pain for both the Sterns and Whitehead. Mary Beth Whitehead was given only limited visitation rights, and Elizabeth Stern was denied any parental rights to Melissa. This is just one of hundreds of surrogate custody battles. Most end in turmoil, one way or the other.

Surrogate motherhood also creates a sea of moral and ethical confusion, and it raises questions that challenge the traditional values surrounding motherhood, love, procreation, parenthood, and the use of one's body for profit. The major moral question that surrounds surrogacy is the one of financial gain. Is it right for a surrogate to use her body for money, and is it ethical for the parents to buy their children? It isn't! Many women become surrogates simply for financial gain; they care nothing about helping a childless couple. Truly successful surrogacies cannot come from a situation such as this. Something as positive as the creation of a child should not be mixed with less than pure motives!

Granted, surrogacy can sometimes be a positive alternative to infertility. Many women can and do carry other couples' babies, and they do so for the right reasons. Most of these women already have families, and they feel that childbirth is a glorious miracle they would like to give someone else. The process can bring women to a new appreciation of their own children, as well as a new respect for themselves and the childless couples they help.

Even though surrogacy can be successful, the majority of the time it is not. Realistically, I don't see surrogate motherhood being outlawed in this country, but it should certainly be regulated. We must always look at the emotional and psychological effects surrogacy has on the infertile couple, the surrogate mother, and the children born from these arrangements. Infertile couples who wish to use a surrogate should see a marriage counselor, a psychiatrist, or a psychologist to certify that they understand the responsibilities of parenting and the risks involved in using a surrogate. More importantly, the mental state of the surrogate mother should be assessed before the pregnancy. Surrogacy can take a long-term emotional toll on the mother, and if there is even a slight chance that she will be unable to relinquish the child after birth, she should not be allowed by law to go through with the process. Also helpful would be a law that provides the surrogate with a time period in which to change her mind, much like adoption. This would, perhaps, minimalize potential pain and anguish.

We also need to protect the children born amid such complexity. While no one can predict a child's reactions when he learns that he was conceived by a paid surrogate, most experts agree that a youngster should not be kept in the dark about his birth mother and her medical history. Laws should require that the name and medical history be made available when needed.

Through medical technology, we have improved the quality of our lives, but we have greatly added to their complexity. Surrogacy is a noble idea, but for it to be truly successful, restrictions and regulations must be made. Without these, the problems with surrogacy are endless. In the future, these complications will only worsen unless something concrete is done.

DEALING WITH SHAME: A COMPARISON OF HESTER PRYNNE AND TESS DURBEYFIELD

To the student of British and American literature, the troubled face of the fallen woman is a familiar one. Thomas Hardy and Nathaniel Hawthorne are among many authors who have created portraits of young women whose passions have led them away from the beaten path of their society's norms. Although Tess Durbeyfield and Hester Prynne have many similarities, the way they deal with their "sins" is very different, revealing their essentially dissimilar personalities.

Outwardly, the heroines of Tess of the D'Urbervilles and The Scarlet Letter do have similarities. Both Hester and Tess are very attractive women. Hardy and Hawthorne go to great lengths to stress their characters' beauty and sexuality. Hawthorne describes Hester as having "a figure of perfect elegance" and "a face which was beautiful from regularity of feature" (50). Tess is described as a "fine and handsome girl—her mouth and large innocent eyes added eloquence of colour and shape" (25). Neither of the characters however, relish their beauty. Hester hides her attractiveness by wearing her hair up, and Tess, on the way to Flintcomb-Ash, wears tattered clothing, a bonnet to cover her face, and even goes so far as to cut away her eyebrows. It is likely that these women are ashamed of

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their good looks because they feel they contribute to their downfalls. Early in their lives both make crucial mistakes of a sexual nature. While Hester's indiscretion with Dimmesdale was a conscious choice, Tess' is forced upon her—although she did make a series of bad decisions that put her at Alec's mercy in the woods that night. Both women break social mores and regret the actions that make them impure and no longer acceptable to their peers.

Another similarity between Hester and Tess is that they each feel chained to a man for life. Hester knows that she has sinned against her husband, Roger Chillingworth, so she cannot refuse to see him or speak to him, even though he is cruel and hateful. Tess feels that Alec, the man who raped her, is her husband, in theory. Though she does not love him, she cannot allow herself to love another after her sexual experience with him. Tess does eventually fall in love, however, with Angel Clare. Though he is her true love, he cannot deal with Tess' sin and the way society looks upon her. The spiritual Angel Clare is very much like Arthur Dimmesdale, Hester Prynne's true love, who allows his shame to burn in secret and destroy him.

Despite the surface similarities in Hester's and Tess' lives, the way they deal with their trials is completely different. Hester's personality allows her to be strong against adversity. When Hester is being brought from the prison to the scaffold, she repels the guard who is escorting her, "by an action marked with natural dignity and force of character" (49). Hester cares very little about what others think of her. In fact, she takes the scarlet letter "A" meant for punishment, and she turns it into a "fantastically embroidered illuminated emblem" (53). Hester knows she has sinned, but she refuses to succumb to the persecution of the townspeople.

Tess, on the other hand, is driven by what others think of her. Indeed, one of Tess' key mistakes comes when she is in an uncomfortable situation with her peers, and she imprudently climbs into Alec's buggy. Hardy then concludes Tess' "First Phase" and tells his reader that his heroine is "Maiden No More." Later, Tess feels forced to leave her village of Marlott because she is so ashamed of her relationship with Alec and the resulting illegitimate child. At Talbothay's Dairy, Tess is still so haunted by her past that she refuses Angel Clare's love for months, feeling unworthy of him. Tess was no longer what people expected a young woman to be. Society rebukes her sins, so she keeps moving from place to place, hoping to avoid the shame and anguish. Another major difference between Hester and Tess is revealed in their dissimilar approaches to trying times in their lives. Hester approaches life actively. Though she is an outcast, she does everything to improve her life and Pearl's. Hester helps those less fortunate than herself by making clothes for the poor and caring for the sick. Despite her own adversity, Hester still finds it in her heart to help those in need. Eventually, her letter "A" comes to stand for "Able" instead of adultery. Another example of Hester's refusal to be passive occurs when the governor and the old minister attempt to take Pearl away from Hester. She shrieks, "God gave her into my keeping—I will not give her up!" (104). The final thing Hester does to better her life is to go after Dimmesdale. She makes a conscious decision that she needs the man she loves, and makes an attempt to start a new life with him. Hester knows she must save Dimmesdale from Chillingworth, so she compels him to, "Preach! Write! Act! Do anything, save to lie down and die!" (181). Hester takes charge of her life and her destiny and tries to change it for the better.

Conversely, throughout Hardy's novel, Tess repeatedly allows people to exploit her. Early on, she yields to pressure from her mother and heads for Tantridge to "claim kin" (38). Here she meets Alec, the "reckless gallant and heartbreaker" (98), who also takes advantage of her. Eventually, what Hardy calls Tess' "idolatry" (232) of Angel Clare, along with her shame, allows him to destroy her last hope for happiness. Though he loves Tess as much as his idealism will allow, he is a slave to conventionality and tells Tess that he cannot accept her past. We are told that Tess simply "took everything as her deserts, and hardly opened her mouth" (258). Hardy emphasizes her passive nature by repeatedly showing Tess falling asleep at crucial moments in her life: the accident in which the family horse is killed, the night Alec rapes her, and when she is captured at Stonehenge. Every event in Tess' life follows a fateful path. Tess has D'Urberville ancestry, and the D'Urbervilles were murderers. It is as if Tess is destined to live a passive life and just follow her basic instincts. Ultimately, that instinct compels her to murder Alec D'Urberville.

The outcomes of The Scarlet Letter and Tess of the D'Urbervilles are very different. Hester is able to achieve as much happiness as possible, given her situation. She becomes a counselor to young women and continues to live in her house in the woods, sewing and helping the poor. Her daughter Pearl grows into a beautiful woman and marries royalty. Throughout the book, Hester is always seen in the sunlight, a symbol of her eventual self-satisfaction. On the other end of the spectrum, Tess' life ends in tragedy. Once Tess loses Angel, her life seems futile. She no longer cares about herself. She goes away with Alec only for the good of her family, but when Angel returns to get Tess, she makes the ultimate sacrifice by murdering Alec to be with Angel. She spends the rest of her life running, and death is imminent. In Tess' last moments of freedom, she enters the dark, desolate Stonehenge and rests on the alter, an appropriate place for her with its implications of sacrifice. Once more, Tess is portrayed in the dark, symbolic of her dreary life and eventual demise.

The Scarlet Letter and Tess of the D'Urbervilles are wonderful works of literature. They show both sides of a similar situation, and how different people handle adversity. The fallen woman can either take control of her destiny and be as happy as her situation allows, or she can helplessly watch her past destroy her.

Readers' Comments on Kristen Blankenship's Portfolio

"What marvelous control of language throughout!!" wrote one reader, echoing the praise of the author's supervising teacher: "Across a variety of essays, Kristen's style remains fluid and her ideas are clearly organized." Readers were impressed by the courage of her narrative on bulimia, by the reflection and self-discovery evident in it. Her explanatory essay gathered even more praise, characterized by one reader as "first rate, convincing, and intelligent." Another felt it was the best argument he'd read among all the 1992 portfolios; another called it "informative and persuasive." Kristen's textual response was praised as "particularly thorough, well developed, and coherent" and as an appropriate conclusion to a particularly strong portfolio.

Portfolio by Jennifer Seltzer

West Springfield High School

Springfield, Virginia

Supervising Teacher: Kathryn Russel

Author's Introduction

There are many "personal" philosophies that most everyone agrees with, such as striving for world peace. These general concepts never reveal as much about ourselves as do our own theories. I've found it is our experience of philosophy that creates meaning and salience. My favorite personal philosophy may sound like a cliche; however, I find it best describes me. My theory is that no matter how distant your dreams might seem you can find success if you attempt to achieve them *and* if you enjoy the struggle.

This idea originates from my life long desire to be a musician. I find that music, like writing, allows me to express myself. Only two large obstacles block my pathway to musical bliss—I have no talent or rhythm.

When I was young I began playing the piano and then switched to the oboe in an attempt to find an instrument I could excel on. I later tried guitar and saxophone. I was, in my sister's exact words, "bad." As a result of my increased desire to be able to play ANY instrument well (or even just play it) I opted to play the cymbals in the marching band. To my dismay I found that a cymbal player is seldom allowed to play the instrument, but instead holds the cymbals while hyper teenagers with drum sticks try to hit them. Unfortunately, drummers have awful aim and usually end up hitting the cymbal player. However, this did not hinder my desire to excel in the percussion section and eventually become a master cymbal player. On the rare occasions that I was permitted to play I usually "crashed" my cymbals during a rest or after the song had been completed. I was the only cymbal player told by the director to take the instrument home and practice.

Despite the bruises on my hands and my reputation as the "off beat cymbal girl," I was happy. I was, if at all possible, terribly untalented at cymbal playing, but I had attempted, and in a small way achieved my desire to perform music.

From this I learned that you can only find happiness if you attempt to fulfill your dreams. To do so you must find ways around the obstacles preventing your success. More importantly, I discovered that only you can recognize and place value upon your achievements.

REFLECTIVE LETTER

Dear Miami University writing teachers,

I cannot assess the importance of writing in yards or meters because it has had an immeasurable effect upon my life. Writing has been an escape as well as a connection to reality, allowing me to explore new ways of viewing myself and those around me.

Writing has always been a part of my life, but throughout the past year its importance has become more evident. Reading my old notes and papers I can see the maturity of my writing grow from sentences such as "The turnip symbolizes everlasting youth," to complex and more substantive sentences. This year I was published in our school literary magazine, but more importantly, my writing has visibly increased in maturity as a result of guidance from my AP English teacher and my creative writing teachers. While the idea of being a superb, or even an impressive writer still lies on the distant horizon, it seems more attainable and somewhat more realistic than before.

I found it difficult to decide what to include in the portfolio so that I might be able to portray my writing ability and give the reader a sense of who I am as a writer. As a result I picked both personal and impersonal essays. The first entry, "Wheelchair Waltz," describes a personal experience so that while observing the techniques used you may learn about my past. The second entry, "A Search for Peace," explores a topic which I firmly believe in (a "quasi-world harmony" of sorts). Being able to express my interest of the topic in an exploratory essay was thrilling for me. The third choice was the most difficult. The piece "King Lear" was an assigned timed writing in which I analyzed the use of one or more techniques of fiction. I believe this demonstrates my understanding of the mastery of language displayed by greats such as Shakespeare. These three pieces are reflective of the growth of my writing ability over the past year.

Thank you for your time and consideration.

WHEELCHAIR WALTZ

By the summer of my freshman year, I was too old to go to camp again and too young to get a real job—or at least that is what my parents, the law, and my own sense of reality told me. In an effort to avoid total boredom and serve some sort of social purpose, I decided to volunteer at a local hospital.

The first few days were full of the excitement of having a new uniform (a particularly unattractive red and white Candy Striper apron) and learning new ways to get lost in the corridors. But by the end of the first week I was asking myself if there was ever going to be more to this job than pushing empty wheelchairs and delivering flowers. I soon found out that there would be.

The call came from floor six. Some Candy Stripers were needed to transport a patient in a wheelchair to the radiology unit. A co-worker and I jogged up the stairs to the assigned room and came to a quick stop. We saw an elderly woman lying in bed, connected to more tubes than I could count. And we saw the empty wheelchair. What we didn't see was any way to separate the woman from the bed and place her in the wheelchair without pulling out the tubes.

Since I was the senior member of the Candy Striping Team, I quickly took control of the situation and went running to find the Head Nurse. After I explained the problem, she stared at me blankly, sucked on her spearmint gum, paused briefly, and then confirmed my own sense of the situation.

"Yep," she said, "that's a problem."

Then, after a much shorter pause, she confirmed my fears about the situation. Drawing on her years of experience in caring for the ill and the infirm, she gave me her advice: "Be careful," she told me.

I pondered these words of wisdom and returned to the room. The scene was still the same: the woman, the tubes, the wheelchair. I turned to my Candy Striping colleague and whispered these words of wisdom: "We are in trouble." I could tell that she drew comfort from my leadership style.

What followed was not pretty. I remember some cries of pain, a few expressions of outrage, a number of limbs and tubes flying in different directions—and the absolute look of terror and amazement on the face of the nurse who ran into the room to find my Candy Striping colleague in the wheelchair and the patient and me in a position not seen since the golden age of ballroom dancing.

Now in addition to learning that I did not have a future in medicine, this fiasco taught me two things. First, I learned that while life is full of new experiences and challenges, sometimes you ought not accept the challenge unless you get some advice—or you might not live through the experience. In hindsight I realize that I should have demanded help from the nurse or someone else better qualified than I was. Second, I learned that anyone who has been dealt an injustice needs some time to vent their emotions. My patient took that time. Through the entire process, she vented all over me: for example, she repeatedly suggested what I could do with myself, where I could do it, and how much she hoped it would hurt. I, however, was too ashamed to talk with anyone about what had happened for weeks; as a result, I think I was more traumatized by the encounter than the patient was. Only after I told my friends and family about the event was I able to put it in perspective and move beyond it.

The lessons I learned as a Candy Striper will, I hope, serve me well as I attempt to deal with the challenges and crises of college life.

IN SEARCH OF PEACE

Carrying Pictures of Chairman Mao
Ain't Going to Make It With Anyone Anyhow
—Beatles

Any mass movement is based on a view of reality which creates devils and angels, heroes and villains. The concepts of absolute right and wrong are most visibly used in peace movements. The way the Vietnam and Desert Storm anti-war movements cast those roles reveals one of the fundamental differences in the strategy and tactics of the two campaigns. By understanding what makes each movement unique, the two movements can be considered separately as serious attempts to accomplish similar goals.

As the lyric from "Revolution" indicates, many of the Vietnam protesters found their hero in the enemy the American army was fighting. The chants of "Ho Ho Ho Chi Mein is going to win" (O'Neil 141), which were a common chorus during every march, suggested that the movement actually argued that the "enemy" was right and American policy was wrong. When the protesters claimed that America's motive for war was found in racism and/or imperialism, they were really claiming that America was on the wrong side of the conflict. When they spit on conscripts reporting for induction and spurned soldiers returning from the front, they were saying that our men were fighting an unjust war and participating in an immoral act. "Demonstrations focused on [against] representatives of the armed services" ("Over the Threshold of Dissent" 41) in an attempt to place their anger on a person who will react, not a large impersonal government who, in the minds of many, was corrupt. Their argument went far beyond an opposition to war and government: it was not mere pacifism; indeed, many of them actually supported the war effort of the Viet Cong and the North Vietnamese.

Beyond that, the Vietnam anti-war movement has to be viewed as a part of a larger cultural battle which was taking place at the time. Vietnam was linked to the Civil Rights Movement which, in turn, was related to the Cultural Revolution, the hippies, the counter culture, the drug culture and many other minor anti-society cultures. The anti-war movement did not emerge full blown as a distinct ideology; it was part of a larger consciousness and part of a broader set of concerns (Miller 229). Indeed, the anti-war movement drew on many of the tactics that other "isms" had developed earlier: the non-violent demonstrations came from the marches of Martin Luther King; the blood in the streets of Chicago was taken from the fist that formed the black power salute; the "raising" of the Pentagon was inspired by the Summer of Love. Attacking the war was a part of the effort to reject and change the nature of American social and political conservatism.

The anti-war movement in Desert Storm, on the other hand, accepted many of the basic assumptions which governed American policy and flowed from American politics. It was not a rejection of "the system" as much as it was a repudiation of a specific solution to a problem.

There are several noticeable differences in the targets of the Desert Storm anti-war protesters and those of the anti-war movement in Vietnam. The enemy was never idolized or glorified: no one carried pictures of Saddam Hussein in their wallets, no one claimed that his cause was just, no one supported or argued for the objectives he articulated in terms of keeping Kuwait. (There may have been some sympathy for his alleged interest in helping the Palestinians, but that issue never gained the spotlight in publicized debate.) Protesters, as well as supporters of President Bush, agreed with the goal of American policy: the removal of Iraqi troops from Kuwait and the return of the original Kuwait government. The argument was about whether or not those goals could be accomplished by sanctions or whether force was necessary or justified. One French diplomat voiced his rejection of using force, warning the American government and people, "You shouldn't go to war, unless you know what kind of peace you want" (Lacayo 37). Because the protesters never accepted Iraq's aims or rejected America's goals, there was no need to turn Americans into devils or the enemy into angels. The common reaction to Hussein from the total population was that he was "an evil man. . ." (Vansandt). As a result, none of the marchers had to paint American soldiers as devils or immoral agents of a failed policy. The acceptance of the goals of American policy and the rejection of the enemy's aims marked one of the major differences between the Desert Storm protesters and the Vietnam anti-war movement.

Perhaps one of the reasons that the anti-war movement of the 1990's did not adopt a broader target was the fact that it was an anti-war movement, not an anti-society movement. While the Vietnam protester was using Vietnam as a metaphor for the failures of the system, the Desert Storm protest was really directed at the narrow policy choice of using force to drive Iraq out of Kuwait. While some of the "old left" tried to talk about imperialism, their argument never found a home in the larger protests. There the rhetoric was targeted at the policy itself and not the system by which policy was made. The "targets" and scope of the protests selected by the two movements were radically different.

There were substantial differences between the anti-war movements in Vietnam and Desert Storm, but it would be misleading to focus only on the differences because, in reality, the two movements shared some basic characteristics. They each had a commitment to peace and a belief that there are ways short of war to settle conflicts. In both cases they failed to realize those goals, and similarly death and destruction were the tools selected to "solve" the conflict. But, in both cases, those tools ultimately failed to fashion the "new world order" that those in power sought. The people of Vietnam and Southeast Asia still suffer from the effects of the war as do too many American veterans of the conflict; in a "free" Kuwait the Emir still rules and in Iraq the Kurds still fear for their lives. While the anti-war movements did not win, the tragic effects of their failure may be the best evidence to demonstrate that they were, ultimately, right.

KING LEAR

A volcano spends years in dormant fury. Hidden from view, deep inside the unmoving rock, different forces press against one another, creating an inner chaos. But the outside world sees nothing of that inner rage but a plume of soft, symbolic smoke. After the pressure has built up within the mountain there is a flurry of action—an explosion. All eyes focus upon the fire and lava erupting from the top; however, to truly understand the explosion one must know what took place in the inner depths of the mountain. The physical phenomena of a volcano is mirrored in human nature and in great art. In King Lear, Shakespeare does more than allow Lear to describe the forces building up in his head; he forces the reader to see the internal conflict through external clues. The most obvious effort to "dramatize" the inner turmoil is the storm on the moor, but in subtler fashion Shakespeare uses physical locations and appearances to give inner conflict an exciting external form. Through the techniques of fiction, Shakespeare gives Lear's mental struggle a physical form which foreshadows the fall of this tragic hero.

The first sign of turmoil given by the volcano is the smoke which increases in density as the pressure builds. Shakespeare also uses this "warning" technique by emphasizing physiognomy, allowing us to see Lear's internal deterioration in terms of his external appearance. Lear begins the play as a nobly clothed man with a majestic white beard which indicates wealth, health and wisdom. As the play progresses he is stripped of his noble clothes. It is at this time that we can make a visual and mental connection to Lear's increasing inner chaos. His change in apparel can be seen almost as a demotion, the lowering of his status in the eyes of his daughters and his servants. During the first step of his fall from grace, he begins to realize his wrong-doings, but does not quite comprehend them. Because of his realizations and his new, more tragic state, we feel sympathy for the "old man" (Lear, Regan, and Goneril all use this phrase to refer to Lear). As Lear more fully comprehends his mistakes and how he might become a better person he becomes more vulnerable to attacks by his daughters; this is reflected in the rags he wears when he confronts the storm on the moor and the duality of his nature in the "shack." At the end of the play we find Lear "washed," left wearing a loose shirt. In Shakespeare's time, when a person was washed he was also shaven. From this, we may presume the white beard of nobility and wisdom has been removed. With the removal of the protective beard Lear becomes a "natural man," less materialistic and more paternal and caring. Ironically, it is only when the signs of his nobility are taken from him that Lear finally becomes a fully noble human being.

Lear's internal dramatic changes can be plotted as he moves from the imperial locations to barren locations whose richness comes only from the spiritual guidance they provide. Lear begins his fortunate fall towards inner wisdom from the height of his throne where he is surrounded by kneeling men offering their allegiance. He is next found in the fields, without a castle—or a home—he can call his own. He finds himself on the moor, a place in which shelter is scarce and human schisms are exposed. He is then moved into a hut in which the exposed schisms are confronted. With his emotions raw he is moved into the dungeon, an ambiguous surrounding—another ironic setting which normally symbolizes imprisonment but which in this case suggests his ultimate liberation. These changes in setting give concrete expression to the inner turmoil and evaluation of Lear's character.

Like the people who see the volcano as it erupts, we see the true pain of Lear at the moor. Shakespeare uses pathetic fallacy in order to personify the inner disorder of Lear's mental state. Lear cries to the winds, "Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! Rage! Blow!" (3.2.1). Shakespeare grants his wishes, directing nature's worst to fall upon Lear. When those around Lear beg for shelter, he refuses to share their desire for salvation. By doing this Lear's own rebel cry of rebirth is heard. Lear discovers the strength that had been stifled for so long by his materialism and desire for power. He achieves the "natural man" status. As his madness and the storm reach their peak, we realize that sanity and safety will ultimately return and that Lear will finally understand the actions which built up to such a denouement. The picture of a once weak man, standing defiantly in the whipping wind, allows us to feel for Lear and support his resulting search for the love and acceptance of Cordelia. Shakespeare leads us to the conclusion that such a change couldn't have taken place without an eruption of emotion, as reflected in his use of pathetic fallacy.

Shakespeare uses a variety of external physical symbols to illuminate and dramatize the internal conflict in Lear's character. But this technique extends beyond Lear. For example, the physical blinding of Gloucester symbolizes his failure to see the truth. The physical manifestations of internal stress can also be used as a metaphor for the play as a whole. We know that after a volcano erupts, the lava takes its toll on the surrounding area. The mountain is broken, cities are buried in ash and mutant rock. It is this way in Lear. With this explosion and discovery of a new Lear comes the news of Cordelia's love for him, and then her immediate death. Lear, unable to cope with this last tragedy, dies of a heart attack. After Lear's passage, Kent foretells his own death. The lava has covered them all. Just as flowers grow on Mount St. Helen, and the eruptions in the Pacific formed the islands of Hawaii, the explosions in Lear produce a certain sort of peace. Lear and Gloucester die reconciled to their own families and having found their own loves. The land may have been laid waste, but it is not barren. It will be reborn. That, too, is symbolized in the play by Lear's final cries of hope that spring from a dying man and a soul "being born."

Readers' Comments on Jennifer Seltzer's Portfolio

The author's supervising teacher wrote: "Jennifer's essays exude a warmth and passion that reach out to engage the reader's sympathy and agreement with her point of view." Miami readers agreed: "I'm impressed by the quality of thought, the depth of political analysis, and the sure control of diction and sentence structure," wrote one. Readers delighted in her ability to integrate humor and insight in "Wheelchair Waltz." They were even more impressed by "In Search of Peace"—several readers found it the most successful explanatory essay they read, calling it "sophisticated, informative, and impressive." Jennifer also received high praise for her response to King Lear. Her ability to use "powerful, extended metaphors," wrote her teacher, helps her to "succeed in making abstract ideas more concrete." "This is clear, daring, and articulate," wrote one reader in praise of the final essay. Readers agreed this was a portfolio that "makes us think."

Portfolio by Jeff Flory

Middletown High School

Middletown, Ohio

Supervising Teacher: Mike Stratton

Author's Introduction

I'm Jeff Flory and I'm from Middletown, Ohio. Although I'm officially entering Miami as an undecided major, I'm planning on studying mathematics and statistics. After college I hope to be employed as an actuary or as a math teacher.

I was involved in many extracurriculars at Middletown High, my alma mater. Among those activities were National Honor Society, French club, Mu Alpha Theta and three years of Student Council. Without a doubt, though, theater was my true love. I was in ten plays and four crews. Stereotyped as a comic actor, I portrayed characters from a clown to an old ventriloquist to an innocent, lovesick farmboy.

I'll miss many things about high school: the activities, my many very influential teachers, the camping expedition in my favorite teacher's front yard (boy was he surprised in the morning!), and the friends that I may never see again. Even so, Miami should prove to be an exciting experience. I'm looking forward to the next four years.

REFLECTIVE LETTER

Dear Miami English Department,

The past year I have been participating in a Writing Workshop in my Senior

AP Literature class. Although I have always enjoyed writing an occasional poem or short story, I was never what you would call an avid writer. I would write to express a strong feeling or to try to entertain myself, and that was the extent to my dabbling.

This year, however, writing has begun to fascinate me. Since the beginning of the year, I have watched my writing become gradually better. I started off in the Writing Workshop writing only short, descriptive stories meant to be suspenseful.

Recently, however, my writing has included a literary analysis, a reading history, a comparison paper and many other genres. I consider all of my recent pieces to be good. I've worked hard recently, and I believe that my papers are evidence of that.

This year, as a result of the Workshop, I have also begun to write outside of school a little more frequently. I still wouldn't call myself an avid writer, but now I at least take pride in what I write. Miami should be a good opportunity to try to prove myself. Since I'm entering into the College of Arts and Science, I'll probably have to take various writing and composition courses.

But that's okay. It will be an enjoyable challenge.

THE BIG MOMENT

Cliches. There is sometimes nothing more irritating than being exposed to cliche after cliche. Even so, I have one to describe: "There were two outs, in the bottom of the last inning, and the game was on the line." This was exactly the situation one summer day when I was playing little league baseball. It all came down to me. I was up, and it was my big moment.

Beads of sweat dotted my face. As I stood in the hot sun, I wiped my forehead with the fuzzy, red wristband I was wearing, running a streak of dirt across my face.

The excruciating sun beat down on my tan arms and sunburnt neck, making me wish that I were in my air-conditioned house. I wiped my nose on my arm (for hay fever season was in full effect), and I adjusted my pants.

It had been a long game, and everybody was tired and sweaty. The sun was relentless. I just wanted to win the game and go home. So with that thought in mind, I stepped into the batter's box. I bitterly thought that it must have been fate that I was the batter at that instant. For I was not one of the better players on my little league team, and now it was up to me.

Sixty feet to my left on third base was the runner who would score the game's tying run. Sixty feet to my right was the base I must reach to allow that run to score. It was the last inning. There were two outs, and the count was no balls and two strikes.

As I heard far off applause from another diamond, I scornfully wished I had never played little league baseball. Why did I keep torturing myself year after year by signing up for little league, knowing that I would never be as good as most of the other players? Why did I always sign up for a season that was destined to be filled with embarrassment suffered at the hands of the better players?

Reflecting on my past, however, I decided at that moment to write a new chapter in my life history. From that moment forward, I was not going to be a loser, but a winner—I would hit this ball and give birth to the new me!

With a grim look of determination, I practiced swinging my bat a couple of times. I focused on my small, spherical fate about forty feet away. There was nothing else in my world at that moment. I knew that I had to hit that ball to redeem myself from a long season of frustration and embarrassment. I just simply needed to get a hit.

The whole game came down to this moment. I was to be the hero or the goat. And so the pitcher began his windup, kicked his leg, and snapped his wrist. With a graceful motion, I brought the bat off my shoulder and out over the plate. As the ball approached the bat, I pictured the perfect swing. (After all, a home run would win the game.) I was to be the hero or the goat. I finished my swing, and . . . .

I struck out.

Quite surprisingly, I did not die of embarrassment. Nor was I stoned to death by my teammates. I just went back to the bench, trying to hold back my tears, and apologized over and over to my team. I may have thought that my life was over at the time, but I somehow survived to tell the story—"It was the last inning, with two outs, and it all came down to me."

THE SCHOOL SYSTEM

Throughout my life, I have been a good student. I've gone to school, memorized what the teacher told me to, and regurgitated it on the tests. Using this method, I have been an honor student throughout my life.

After participating in the Writing Workshop in Senior English though, I now realize how much of an android I have become to the school system. There are two methods, I have found, that can be used in teaching: suppressing or encouraging creativity.

When I had not yet entered school, I was enthusiastic to explore new concepts and to try new things.

> He got his crayons and he started to draw
> He put colors all over his paper
> Those colors was what he saw.

I was so creative, in fact, that I remember writing a report on dinosaurs to send to school with my older sister when I was five. I also used to make up my own games, like "Bad Baker," instead of conforming to the usual childhood games like tag.

Indeed, to me there was a world of many different things which I was anxious to explore.

> There are so many colors in the rainbow
> So many colors in the morning sun
> So many colors in the flower
> And I see every one.

When I first entered school, however, my creativity was suppressed. For the first time in my life, I was expected to do things in a certain way. Instead of being allowed to make up my own rules or to do things as I pleased, I was now under the discipline of teachers who preached conformity.

> There's ways that things should be
> And you'll paint the flowers the way they are
> So repeat after me.

One example of this was an occasion in first grade when I didn't write a story about my family, like I was supposed to, but rather about a man on a motorcycle.

My teacher scolded me, and I was sent to the corner. I similarly was scolded in sixth grade art class for designing a T-shirt with a toilet bowl on it. I was punished for being creative.

> You can't come out till you get it right
> And are responding like you should.

Those incidents are only isolated examples of me being told that there was only one way to do things. Through punishment, I was forced to believe my teachers' views that:

> There's no need to see flowers any other way
> Than the way they always have been seen.

Therefore, I have had "proper methods" pounded into my head, such as the 3.8 paragraph, the five paragraph essay, and the ABAB comparison paper. Students "learn" through the course of the school system that all papers have guidelines and formats which must be followed.

Throughout my life, I have always been exposed to this type of suppressive learning environment. For I, like all other students by this point, had entered a rut where I subconsciously did what I thought was expected of me. Otherwise, I was always at the mercy of the teacher's red pen.

Fortunately, however, I have participated in the Writing Workshop this year. Entering into the Workshop, I thought it would be another stupid English class where I wrote about my summer vacation and presented arguments on topics such as war or flag burning. But Mr. Stratton, my teacher, has become a savior of sorts to me. He encourages his classes to experiment, to try different genres, and to take risks.

Painting should be fun
And there are so many colors in the flower
So let's use every one.

Many high school students never get opportunities to participate in classes that encourage creativity. They remain victims to the rut that "there's only one way that things should be done." I've been encouraged to be creative. Therefore, I have begun to break free from the one-right-way state of mind.

My fellow students and I have been especially thankful for the opportunity to have a class that encourages creativity. It is only now that I realize how damaging the "learning" process really can be. With the Writing Workshop now under my belt, I feel more comfortable trying to explore new concepts, even though they may be out of the norm. Hopefully, college, like the Writing Workshop, will give me many opportunities to explore new ideas and concepts. Otherwise, if I encounter suppressive professors, I may become convinced for life that flowers are red.

Lyrics from "Roses Are Red"
Written by Harry Chapin
c. 1979, Five J's Songs

RESPONSE TO JANE EYRE

I felt my stomach turn as I plopped down in the cushioned chair. I was anxious to hear what Mr. Stratton thought of my analysis of Jane Eyre, yet I feared that perhaps he wouldn't have anything good to say. Granted, there is always room for improvement in any paper, but I still felt nervous. I was about to have all of my hard work evaluated, possibly praised, but maybe destroyed. I fidgeted slightly.

Mr. Stratton looked up and seemed to pause briefly to gather his words. Then he started the conversation.

"I read your analysis, and it was a good paper."

"Do you have any suggestions on how I could improve it?"

"Well, yes. This paper is a good literary analysis, but that's just what it is, a literary analysis."

"What do you mean?"

"If you look in the book of last year's best portfolios from Miami, the requirements say to submit a literary analysis."

"Right."

"But they've made a change this year. Now they are looking for responses to written texts."

"So you don't think that what I have would be what they want?"

"You could submit this copy. It's a good piece with well researched and incorporated quotes. But you may want to consider including your reactions to Jane Eyre."

"In this paper, you mean?"

"Yes, exactly. You see, in a response to a written text, you could tell about your reactions to the book, possibly, or perhaps write about why you and the main character, Jane, would make a good couple, or even about the negative reactions that you felt towards the book."

"I see. Should I rewrite my whole paper, then?"

"That's up to you. At the very least, I feel you should change the last paragraph—to add substance and to make it more personal. Then it wouldn't just be a literary analysis, but a paper with your feelings, likes and dislikes of

Jane Eyre."

"Okay. That's great. But if I decide to rewrite the whole paper, where should I get started?"

"State what you thought Jane Eyre's theme was again."

"There was a quote in chapter 22 that said, 'There is no happiness like that of being loved by your fellow creatures.'"

"Good. Now, what does that mean?"

"Jane never really knew what love was. She grew up without parents and with her hateful aunt, Mrs. Reed. Then, later in her life when she lived at Thornfield Hall, she had to leave for a month. When she got back, everyone expressed that she had been missed, especially her pupil, Adele. Jane realizes at that moment that her life had been void of love, and that being loved makes her feel good."

"Great! Now how do you feel about that?"

"Well, I'm not sure. I guess the search for love that Jane undergoes could be symbolic."

"How so?"

"I believe, whether we realize it or not, that we all search for love and unconditional acceptance in life. It's a great feeling to know that you're loved, and it may be an essential part of life, . . . to be loved, that is."

"So all people, you feel, want to be loved in an unconditional way, just a 'Here I am, please accept me like this' type of love?"

"Yes!"

"And you feel that you need love, as Charlotte Bronte implies that Jane felt, too. Good. You see, now this paper is becoming personal and relevant to you . . . . Now, you may want to contrast this unconditional love that Jane needs with just simple acceptance, which we all experience."

"I had done that in the first paper, where I quote Jane from page 374: 'I scorn your idea of love; I scorn the counterfeit sentiment you offer.' She's talking to St. John, when he proposed marriage, but as a convenient arrangement, and not from true love."

"So you think that Jane sees the difference between common acceptance and true love?"

"Definitely. For having been raised for ten years with no education, she has quite a strong sense of perception."

"So now to the good stuff. When Jane finally finds the love she has been searching for, how does it make her feel? Also, how do you relate to that?"

"There are lots of good quotes that express her feelings, like, 'I must renounce love and idol,' from page 291. But the best quote I found was on page 398 when Jane says to Rochester, 'I will be your neighbour, your nurse, your housekeeper. I find you lonely; I will be your companion—to read to you, to walk with you, to sit with you, to wait on you, to be eyes and hands for you. You shall not be left desolate, so long as I live.'"

"Yes, that's a powerful quote."

"As for how I relate to that—that's difficult. I suppose that my parents love me unconditionally. We never really express our feelings, but I still can feel their love for me. That's also why religion is so attractive. Believing that you're just loved so tremendously is really appealing."

"So you feel that you've been loved without bounds—without condition?"

"Yes, definitely."

"Okay, then. You now know how you feel about Jane Eyre and how you relate with the novel. I think you are ready to start your response."

"I'll go home and work on it. Thank you."

Standing up, I felt relieved. Although I had already decided to rewrite my piece, I felt confident that it would turn out for the better. Ideas were already rushing to my head. There were a lot more things that I could do with a response than with an analysis. Then it hit me. I could write my response using dialogue!

"I read your analysis, and it was a good paper."

"Do you have any suggestions on how I could improve it?". . . . .

Readers' Comments on Jeff Flory's Portfolio

Readers were impressed by the variety and riskiness of Jeff's portfolio, from its bits of internal monologue, to song lyrics, to dialogue. His supervising teacher commented on the process that led to such variety: "He wasn't afraid to discard entire drafts...The more he revised, the more freedom he allowed himself." Readers enjoyed the humor of the narrative and its insight into sports psychology, and found his exploratory essay original and creative. "It made me wonder what I looked for in writing, what I do as a teacher," wrote one reader. "Am I like those teachers he describes?" Readers were most impressed with his response to a written text, praising it as innovative and deceptively straightforward. "It makes room for the reader to participate, even forces us to," responded one reader. "By the time I finished reading it, I felt like I'd carried on a dialogue with this student myself."

Portfolio by Karin Scholz

Turpin High School

Cincinnati, Ohio

Supervising Teacher: John C. Polivka

Author's Introduction

I am not fond of ironing. I agree that we should change the national anthem. Sometimes I get stomach aches, but I hate the taste of Tums. I never go to bed without using Chapstick. I try to limit myself to two Diet Cokes per day. I have a spare key hidden behind the license plate of my car. When I buy shirts or jackets, I almost always remove the shoulder pads. I chew pen caps. I have never seen a Star Trek, Star Wars, or Monty Python movie. I hope I don't go blind.

My watch is four minutes fast, and my alarm clock is 23 minutes fast. I don't believe in women's liberation yet. I like to make lists. I went parasailing once, but I didn't have enough money to bungee jump. Someone told me that I have as much time as Thomas Edison, so I try not to waste it. I have never watched Beverly Hills 90210. I have a Chicken McNugget box filled with marbles that my sister gave me when she was four. My favorite day is Thursday and my favorite time of day is 6:00 a.m. I don't think I have a favorite color, song or breakfast cereal. I have a scar on my leg.

I am fine, thanks.

REFLECTIVE LETTER

Miami University Professors of English:

I hate Conrad's Heart of Darkness. The author was a master of description—his language created intricately detailed landscapes and probing character sketches. Kurtz is repeatedly used as a psychological figure of human behavior, such as in T.S. Eliot's "The Hollow Men." I am well aware of the merits of Heart of Darkness.

I still hate it.

Conrad employed a narrator, Marlowe, to dictate the novel. And that is exactly how he narrated—dictation. Conrad's approach left little room for reader imagination. Even the symbolism, the "heart" of darkness, was explained. Conrad's style indicates that the reader has no level of intelligence. Therefore, he assumes the responsibility of interpreting the novel for his stupid readers. And I hate that.

It was enlightening, though—it made me realize that that is how I write. My narrative essay is a good example. The rough draft included explains every detail, and every motion is justified with proof. It is written in the "spell-it-out" style that I found insulting in Conrad's novel. The intimate relationship between reader and writer is eliminated; the reader is held at a distance and is not permitted to participate in the writing.

I think my final draft of the narrative essay more effectively conveys the situation. I cut to the core of the moment and dismissed the fluff. The reader is free to wonder. My emotions are not protected as in the earlier drafts, so the reader is more inclined toward empathy. I do not judge the situation for the reader; I allow him to choose his reaction. Once I realized that writing is active, and partnership is vital between reader and writer, I gained a more complete understanding of the power of language.

I might read Heart of Darkness again.

Scholz

DESCRIPTIVE NARRATIVE

June 19, 1990. It is the day of the court hearing. I haven't begun last night's sleep, although it is 1:07 p.m. My mother is fighting my father for custody of me. I don't know why she is bothering. I don't know why she would want me anyway—she knows that I don't want to live with her anymore. I thought all parents wanted their children to be happy.

I wasn't allowed to go to the hearing. My mom said I wasn't summoned. She took her new husband instead.

It is a sickeningly scorching afternoon. Afternoon, in fact, one hour and seven minutes after noon. I am under the green and yellow umbrella reading a Stephen King novel—"Garraty looked from one to the other dully, but he could see no duplicity in their faces, only the bone weariness. Garraty looked from one to the other dully, but he could see no duplicity in their faces, only the bone weariness. Garraty looked from one—". . . Sorry, Steve, my mind isn't quite with you, here on page 157. God knows I've been on this page for years.

I look at my watch. It's 1:07 p.m.

I have two brothers and one sister. I used to babysit them every day. They are in the pool. I don't think they understand my decision, but they haven't talked to me in a few days. Except to tell me I was a bad girl.

Aunt Kathy is babysitting today. Mom was afraid I would take the kids to my dad's with me, or kidnap them, or maybe teach them how to be Mean to your Mom, like I am.

They are splashing water. It defies gravity. It hangs in the air like Mom's plants from the roof of the front porch. It falls, after much contemplation, and mixes with the other droplets in the pool. I watch the kids, knowing this may be the last time I'll see them for awhile. I don't know how to swim.

I look at my watch. It's 1:07 p.m.

The sun's rays beat down on me. I didn't mind. I had been beaten before.

"Garraty looked from one to the other dully, but he could see no duplicity in their faces."

What's going on? How much longer? Will I spend the night in my father's home? Will my mother ever understand? What's happening there? How much longer? I look at my watch. It is 1:07 p.m.

I remember on car trips when I was little I would ask how much longer. Or how many more pages of the map were left. I feel like when I was little.

The shadows aren't moving. The sun isn't moving. The wind isn't moving. No matter how hard he tries, Garraty still can't see any duplicity in their faces. My heart is diligently trying to compensate for the stillness. I look at my watch. It's 1:07 p.m.

A LAZY SUMMER EVENING AT FRISCH'S

I had never worked a summer job before. I envisioned chumming around with co-workers, occasionally ringing up a sale or cleaning off a table, and once a week, cashing a paycheck. Summer jobs were a way to ward off boredom, or to break the monotony of the fast paced world of swimming and sunning. So, I accepted a position as a waitress at a local restaurant. By mid June . . .

I drive slightly reckless, slightly exceeding the speed limit. I rush for punctuality's sake, but in my mind's Toyota, other drivers are irritated with my laggard pace. My destination looms before me like a poisonous spider dangling from an entangling web.

The glass doors exhibit sticky fingerprints from a child who stole too many cherry dumdums from the wicker basket inside. The pungent odor of Big Boys and vanilla Cokes seeps through the hinges. Struggling to maintain balance, I open the doors and the smell pounces on me like a rabid dog, slobbering and filthy.

I trudge to the restroom, although it provides no "rest" whatsoever. It is littered with wet brown paper towels and half-smoked cigarettes. The sink and the toilet are worlds for the families of organisms nesting there. My brown-striped, stained uniform hangs lifelessly on my aching bones, hem scotch-taped under.

Customer number one. I feign friendliness. I welcome the diners with smart humor, a warm heart, and high hopes for a sizable tip.

I record the order with mechanical precision and announce it repeatedly to the cook. He has a third grade reading level and greasy arms with bread crumbs lodged between coarse hair. He has an oozing sore on his lower lip.

Five minutes elapse. I have delivered the drinks (I held the tray of vanilla Cokes at arms' length from my nose) and totaled the ever-increasing prices to complete the bill. I speed from station to station fulfilling my side duties, which alone require an evening's work.

Ten minutes. Fifteen minutes. I am carrying a 25 pound box of frozen beef patties when my "order-ready" number appears.

I gingerly tiptoe to my table and present the delicacies (I believe I mentioned the cook's oozing sore) to the unsuspecting customers. I notice three flies that could not continue to breathe the fetid air have made the Sweet & Low caddy their gravestone. The epitaph reads, "Peanut Butter Pie—Dessert of the

Month—$1.20 a slice or take home a whole pie for $7.00." The rest of the fly family mourns their passing between leaves of lettuce on the salad bar.

I am relieved of duties in six hours. Like a factory worker, I complete the cycle hundreds of times: take their order, please; run around and wait; collect their loose change as my tip. When clock-out time has come to end my misery, customers at seven tables are hailing me as if I were a taxi cab in New York City.

I struggle to make it to my car at the conclusion of the evening. My apron strings drag wearily in murky puddles. Solace is found in the comfort of a clean driver's seat. I speed away again, this time with my mind's vehicle in tow. . . .

I spent July and August enjoying the monotony of swimming and sunning.

ADMONITION FOR THE AMANUENSIS

Some to conceit alone their tastes confine,
And glittering thought struck out at every line;
Pleased with a work where nothing's just or fit;
One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.
Poets like painters, thus, unskilled to trace
The naked nature and the living grace
With gold and jewels cover every part.
And hide with ornaments their want of art.

— Alexander Pope

Alexander Pope's advice to strip writing of excessive wordiness is crucial to the success of an author. A writer who adorns works with false, flowery language detracts from the essential meaning of the sentence, and creates a "glaring chaos." The basic purpose of the piece is overlooked by the reader;

instead, he focuses on deciphering the vocabulary and interpreting the definitions.

A reader will not be interested if a piece lacks reasoning or is not "just or fit," no matter how impressive the wording. "One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit" implies that the work is a disorganized mix of letters if it contains six syllable synonyms for simple ideas such as 'cat' and 'earth' and 'concept'. The words do not convey the message more effectively than the simple terms. If the poet lacks a fundamental basis for his writing, like an unskilled painter might lack the knowledge of sketching, the poem is affectation.

An author who failed to follow the epigram completed a novel that never reached publication:

> "So he stood torpidly on the pebbled border of the lifeless highway with his arm outstretched across the corroded asphalt and his thumb sought some sort of concession to hide distress, and once again he found himself making nugatory conjectures." (The Rabbit Knows, Gary Provost, as cited in Make Every Word Count)

Although the verbosity emphasizes the character's despair, the language confuses the reader. It is difficult to understand that the character is hitch-hiking. Unnecessary description, such as "pebbled border," that does not supplement the focus of the clip, bores and confuses the reader. The inclusion of flowery language stretches the sentences into a near run-on in the author's attempt to describe every detail.

Pope implies that Provost's style indicates that he is incompetent and uninformed, and attempts to camouflage his shortcomings with "gold and jewels" and "ornaments." The purpose of Provost's language is to "hide with ornaments

[his] want of art."

The selection may be more clear if Provost had followed Pope's advice:

> He stood, slumped, at the edge of the desolate highway. His upturned thumb pleaded for relief, while his mind circled in pointless guessing.

The simpler words are more effective because the reader is given the opportunity to experience the hitch-hiker's condition without delving through a feeble attempt to impress.

The message of Pope's epigram is essential for mastering the art of writing. Using language in an effective, efficient manner enhances writing. Basic ideas are not smothered in vocabulary and are permitted to communicate. The affectation loses readers' attention and blurs the sensory images with bombastic, meaningless words. Neglecting Pope's advice, the language, drowned in syllables, merely conceals the beauty of the piece.

Readers' Comments on Karin Scholz's Portfolio

"Great letter!" wrote one reader simply, while another praised Karin's letter for its depth of reflection and the context it provided for the whole portfolio. Karin's narrative was described as "remarkable in its economy of expression coupled with its underlying psychological complexity," and as "painful and powerful." Like Miami readers, the author's supervising teacher admired the introspection of the letter and was moved by the narrative. He goes on to write: "I laughed at the explanatory essay," while a Miami reader praised the detail and tone that helped create the humor. Finally, readers were impressed by the connections Karin makes between Pope's work and her own writing: "The entire portfolio puts into practice Pope's advice that writing be concise and functional."

Selection by Rebecca Lerch

Middletown High School
Middletown, Ohio

Supervising Teacher: Michael Stratton

REFLECTIVE LETTER

Running for her life she prayed to the gods as she looked back. Her pursuers were gaining on her. Not knowing what trouble she would get herself into, the expert thief had eagerly taken the job, the gleam from all those gold coins blinding her to the dangers as usual.

She cursed herself for being a gold-hungry fool, and tried to lose the Guards in the pitch black forest. The thickening shadows felt evil, but she had no choice. There was nowhere else to go. She plunged headlong into the cold blackness. She gasped as it enveloped her in its bone-chilling grip, freezing her blood. Fear overwhelmed her senses but the fear of her own death brought her back to reality. She kept running, sensing rather than seeing the Guards still following her. They must be inhuman, she realized. This thought caused her to run with renewed energy. She could see the poor souls left in eternal torment reaching out for her, wishing to suck the lifeblood from her. Suddenly someone grabbed her. She struggled to turn and face her captor. Eyes blazing red in the *darkness, a dead knight grinned at her, making her blood turn cold. She opened her mouth to scream—*

The bell rings to begin class. Frowning, I put a mental bookmark in my thoughts as my teacher begins to lecture on the things the school system says we must know.

By now you are probably wondering what this paper has to do with my writing ability. Well, the above sample is from my very own mind. The process I went through to get that potential fantasy novel piece and all of my other papers in this portfolio is a simple one involving a little overused phrase called "train of thought." Here is how it works.

My mind begins to wander. Ideas appear and disappear like lightning bugs in a summer night. One idea lights up my attention. Other ideas begin bonding with this thought and form a single wonderful train of thought I commonly call the miraculous inspiration.

This train quickly attracts another loosely related car and hooks it up. More and more cars and trains combine with the miraculous inspiration, filling my mind with its adrenaline-like excitement and energy. But something comes up.

"What's the meaning of life?"

Huh? I think as the timid little question creeps into my energetic mind. With a groan I despair over the lost miraculous inspiration as the annoying question derails the train, killing all the newborn ideas aboard.

"That is what happens when you don't save your thoughts," states the reprimanding know-it-all computer in my mind. The annoying question fights desperately to kill any survivors of the train crash. As my memory begins to kick in, a malicious grin forms on my face. "I did save my thoughts," I defiantly state.

The annoying question looks up in fear as a new copy of the previous train comes rushing past on another track. A tap on the shoulder and the little question is taken away to be put under lock and key along with its fellow philosophical questions and pesky English assignments.

With that problem safely behind bars, I begin to pick up where I left off with the help of a creature named Opinion. He is constantly pushing his glasses up and blowing the tassel from his graduation cap out of his face as he scans through his dictionary, thesaurus, and grammar book for errors of any kind. He criticizes everything written down, sometimes even before it makes its way onto paper. No excuse is valid. He makes the difference between a good paper and a GOOD paper.

"It's only a rough draft," I argue.

"But that line isn't right. It must be changed." Opinion never lets anything slide by. He is persistent until I finally change it. Not even when it is finished is it good enough.

"It could be better," Opinion points out.

"I know but I can't think of anything better off hand. I'll fix it later."

"Later never comes with you. Why don't you try using more dialogue here. It might help."

As usual Opinion is right. He thinks he always knows just what the paper needs though I don't always listen to him. But it is good to have him around. Unfortunately, Opinion's job isn't as easy as that. He has Boredom to contend with.

Boredom is always trying to distract us from the assigned paper. His constantly alert eyes search for anything that will hold his attention. His short-lived interest always interrupts the thought trains. Playing with the train lights and switching the tracks keeps Opinion and me from completing anything properly. He is the reason you hear "Something came up" being said or other such excuses. Luckily someone does exist to help us deal with Boredom. Her name is Interest.

When the miraculous inspiration train gets going too fast or is too smart for Boredom to stop it, it is usually because of her. She is a sweet little creature with bright eyes and extreme energy. She is forever poking her nose into everything. She plays with one idea until it is spent, then moves on to the next. She is what keeps us going and what helps the miraculous inspiration last long enough to become a finished piece.

This battle goes on every time the miraculous inspiration strikes. It has a habit of appearing when time and/or mind are occupied with something else and can't stop. The above characters fight over the saving of the ideas until someone wins. Usually it is saved by Opinion or Interest but occasionally Boredom gets hold of it and throws it away after a while. Many good ideas have been lost because of Boredom.

Finally after a long, hard battle the paper is finished. All of my helpers get a well-deserved rest until the next time the miraculous inspiration comes speeding down the tracks.

That is how my best papers become almost finished pieces, since no piece is ever truly finished with me.

"Hey," cries Opinion from his pile of resources. "You forgot about the beginning story. You've got them hooked. You have to give them an ending."

"All right, I'll make an ending. Just give me a minute to think." Hmm.

Suddenly the dead knight looked past her, his eyes wide with fear. He quickly disappeared, leaving her scared and confused. She turned around, *drawing her sword to fight whatever had frightened the dead knight into fleeing. As she turned she saw something in the shadows. Large red eyes glared back at her from the darkness. She hesitated a moment, unsure if it was a friend or foe. The eyes seemed oddly familiar.*

"Hurry, Terrin!" a voice whispered urgently in her mind as an emerald dragon crept out from the shadows. "We must escape before the Evil One finds it and you gone. He will surely have your soul if he finds out you have stolen his Crystal Staff."

Smiling with mischief, she climbed atop the dragon. As the Guards watched in anger and fear, it leaped into the air, caught the air currents in its massive wings, and flew off toward the distant mountains.

Selection by Jonathan Ramsey

St. Charles High School
St. Charles, Illinois

Supervising Teacher: Lisa Hahns

SILENT OBSERVER
(DESCRIPTIVE NARRATIVE)

> Is anybody alive in here?
> Is anybody at all in here?
> Nobody but us in here
> Nobody but us.
> — The Police

Some were already present when he entered. E4 took his seat and watched the others file into the lecture hall. The dull murmur had already started. He glanced at the clock. There were still three minutes until class began. He peered into his worn backpack. It bulged with books. E4 removed his textbook with one hand, his notebook with the other. He laid them both neatly on his desk. He pulled the backpack closer to his chair. One could never be too safe. The lecture hall was nearly full. He pulled a pencil from behind his ear and placed it next to the books. The murmur had increased significantly. And then it stopped completely. E4 directed his eyes toward the front of the auditorium and the professor. A clear glass and a pitcher of ice water sat on his desk. Another familiar murmur began, only this one was closer to a low, nasally drone. It forced its way out of the professor's moving mouth. It enveloped E4 like a thick cloud. This was not abnormal. Early on, E4 had learned how to escape from this mental prison.

He glanced around the lecture hall. The drone began to secede. The feeling of comfortable anonymity returned. It always did. Attendance was fairly good for a Monday morning; only four desks were empty. It seemed that B7, D2, G9, and A10 had all decided to sleep in. Not G12, however.

Once again, G12 had opted to attend class. He rested his head between his crossed arms. His long brown hair effectively covered his face. From Day 1, he had occupied the most remote seat in the auditorium. The light struggled to reach his corner seat. He slept in the shadows. He was always in his seat before E4 arrived. He remained there, face-down, until E4 left for the day.

E4 picked up his pencil and opened his notebook, flipping past previous entries to a clean sheet. He began to write in compact, fluid strokes, "G12. This classmate remains secluded in his own dream world. I have never seen his face. To me, he is merely G12, the heaping, sleeping head of hair. Who is G12?"

Without moving his head, E4 shifted his eyes to the desk to his left. E5 had shown up today also. It sat on top of the desk, just spinning its wheels. The sight of these wheels through its plastic window quickly became dizzying. E4 looked away. As it hummed quietly, it picked up every sound. Its microphone swallowed the flood of indistinguishable words floating from the gaping fish-mouth of the professor.

Once again, E4 lifted his pencil and continued his notations. "E5. One of the few numbers I've actually seen inside of. It's too bad this contraption is really just a machine made of metal and plastic. It's somewhat lacking in personality. Where is the person behind E5? Where is the living, breathing, speaking, eating, sleeping human being?" On finishing, E4 placed his pencil behind his ear.

The noise from the front of the room stopped abruptly. E4 glanced up to see the professor take a sip of water. A second later, the professor began to drone once again. E4 turned his attention towards D4, sitting directly in front of him. From where he was, E4 could only see the straight black hair that covered her bowed head and her hunched back. Every three seconds or so, her hand would dart out from behind her right side to finish a line. She wrote with incredible speed and passion. Her pen left full pages of ink in its wake.

E4 could not find his pencil. He dug into his backpack and withdrew a blue ball point. He began a new entry. "D4. She's like a cross between the Energizer bunny and a schizophrenic typewriter. I can almost hear the 'ding' at the end of each line. She has yet to remove her eyes from the paper. It's difficult to imagine that she could be copying the eternal hum emanating from in front of her, but it's entirely possible. What could D4 be writing, and what could possibly be possessing her to do so?" E4 placed the pen behind his ear.

The pen dislodged the pencil. The pencil began to fall. It started slowly, bouncing off his shoulder. E4 watched it accelerate toward the floor. The tip hit first. The pencil flipped end over end and landed again. Then it began to roll. E4 bent over to grab it, but it was too late. It disappeared over the edge to the row below. Finally, it stopped under the desk of D4.

At the same time, D4's pen came to an abrupt halt. E4 watched with anticipation as she set down her pen. She bent down to grasp his fallen pencil. D4 held up the pencil and spun her head around to face E4. His breath became short. His palms began to sweat.

"Is this your pencil?" she whispered.

E4 was stunned. He was speechless. D4's hazel eyes and pursed lips waited for an answer. He shut his eyes. He opened them. Her face was still there, waiting. Her hair fell gracefully over her right shoulder. E4 was taken aback by her beauty. E4 wanted his pencil back. D4 looked friendly enough.

However, E4 had never talked to any of his classmates before. It was easier to remain anonymous, a silent observer. He had spent the course watching the class. E4 had questions about people, about who they were, where they were, what they were. He would have liked to know these things. He would have liked to find out. However, in doing so, E4 would have to compromise his position. He would have to risk others knowing about him if he were to know about them. Who, what, where. . . Why? He was comfortable and safe. Why change? It was easy to remain a number.

"No. It's not mine, " E4 responded. He averted his eyes to his desk.

Selection by Cari Kramer

Ladue Horton Watkins High School
St. Louis, Missouri

Supervising Teacher: Dr. William Raisch

THE NIGHTLIGHT
(DESCRIPTIVE/NARRATIVE)

My night light was plugged into the wall, next to the dresser. The dim little lantern illuminated just a fraction of the room, but the constant glow of light seemed to be the only stability left in my house.

Mommy clicked on my night light and turned off the overhead light. The room was dark, except for the dim outline of my Mommy's face. She rubbed my back, gave me a kiss, and left the room. As I listened to the swish-swash sound of her slippers gliding against the bare hallway, I fell asleep dreaming of the leaves I helped rake with Daddy.

The sun wasn't up; the sky was still dark but light poured into my room from across the hall. Mommy and Daddy were awake and their lights were on. From across the hall, I could hear Daddy and Mommy arguing.

"Why didn't you give me that piece of paper?" shouted Daddy.

"Excuse me, Richie, but where was the paper?" Mommy yelled back.

"Linda, you knew it was lying on the carpet in the living room. You should have given it to me."

Mommy and Daddy were fighting. Something was wrong. Why don't they just kiss and make up and go to bed? It wasn't even morning.

I pulled my thumb out of my mouth and carried my white baby blanket over my shoulder, letting the ripped satin edging hang behind my back. It was cold outside my warm sheets and I quickly put on my pale yellow slippers with the tiny hole. As I crossed the hallway and stood in their doorway, Mommy and Daddy immediately stopped arguing.

"Goodness, Cari, what are you doing up?" Mommy wondered.

"I heard you talking."

"Come on, let's get you back into bed." Mommy's long, slender fingers, with the burgundy colored fingernail polish, took my chubby little hand and led me back to my dim-lit room.

Mommy sat on the edge of the bed and pulled the covers close to my neck.

"I love you, baby," Mommy said softly and she again kissed me good night.

* * *

I awoke the next morning as sunlight cascaded into my bedroom. Birds were singing in the tree just outside my window. I sat up in bed and hummed to myself the ending of my favorite nursery rhyme: "Along came a spider, sat down beside her, and frightened Miss Muffet away." It was a new day. I quickly jumped out of bed, ignoring my baby blanket falling to the floor, and headed down the hallway.

"LONNY?" I screamed, looking for my brother.

"I'm eating cereal."

I ran into the kitchen. Mommy was drinking coffee; Daddy was nowhere in sight. As I dragged the kitchen chair to the counter to get a bowl, the legs screamed "annk" as the ends touched the cracks in the floor. I jumped on the seat of the chair and stared at the spilled coffee grounds all over the counter. I looked at Mommy, sipping her coffee, and surreptitiously drew a smiley face in the grounds. Laughing at my silly design, I took the bowl with Ernie and Bert on it and set the bowl on the counter. After I pushed the chair back to the table, I retrieved the bowl and took a spoon. Lonny was already eating Raisin Bran.

"Cari, eat this cereal. It's good for you. It has the 'wholesome goodness of cracked wheat,'" Lonny reminded me from the commercial he's seen about 1000 times.

"Lonny, after breakfast, do you want to build a fort from the pillows in the couch?"

"Can we Mommy?" begged Lonny.

"Sure, guys," Mommy answered solemnly without looking at us, still sipping her steaming cup of coffee. Her eyes looked like bitter-sweet chocolate chips from behind her thick glasses. The chips seemed to be melting, like tears blanketing her eyes.

"Mommy, what's wrong?" I asked.

"Nothing, sweetie. Just eat your cereal. Then you and your brother can get the extra sheets from the closet to build your forts."

Excited about making the forts, I quickly dismissed Mommy's disheveled appearance and continued to eat.

By mid-afternoon, we had transformed the entire couch into a house. I had two cushions; since Lonny was younger and smaller, he only got one cushion. As we put a blanket over the whole construction, our mini-building was nearly complete. I went into my room to get Frannie, my first baby doll. She was going to be my little baby. Grandma Gertie gave me Frannie when I was first born and since then, I had never changed her outfit. She still wore her baby sleeper, with its pink top and white leggings. The only difference now was the little hole in her sleeve. But even with the hole, my little doll was still the most beautiful doll there ever was. Instead of a doll, Lonny wanted to use his little stuffed monkey, Moochie, as his pet in his "couch house." We grabbed Frannie and Moochie and played together in our houses.

"Cari, you know Moochie can fly," my brother informed me.

"No he can't. Monkeys don't fly."

"Just watch." And he threw his monkey across the room. Just as the stuffed animal landed on the television set, knocking off the T.V. Guide, Mommy called us.

"Lonny. Cari. Please come into my room."

"Lonny," I whispered, "now you really got us into trouble. Thanks a lot for throwing your stupid animal."

"I didn't do anything, Cari. Just shut up."

We both walked down the hallway, expecting to get in trouble for throwing things in the house. But as we got to the room, we both knew we weren't in trouble. Mommy, sitting on her bed, wasn't wearing her contacts as she normally did; her eyes looked liked chocolate soup. A wad of ripped kleenex was wrapped tightly in her hands and several wads of kleenex lined the bottom of the trash can.

"Come here, you two."

Lonny and I ran into her outstretched, opened arms and she hugged us tightly. After a long while, she finally released us.

"Listen guys, I want you both to listen to me. You both know that your father and I love you both very much."

Lonny and I, like two flowers blowing in the wind, nodded together in agreement.

"Well, your father and I are having some problems right now; and, we . . . well . . . are going to get . . . a divorce."

"A divorce?" I whispered.

"Yes. A divorce. You both will live with me, and Daddy will live somewhere else, in an apartment."

Lonny couldn't talk. Tears welled up in his eyes and his upper lip began to quiver.

"But when will we see him?" I asked, afraid of never seeing Daddy again.

"You and Lonny will go to his apartment on Friday nights and sleep over till Saturday; and then, you will both come home to this house."

I just stood there, wondering how Daddy could be my Daddy if he didn't live with me. I looked at Lonny. He only stared dumbly at the wall. Then, like a firecracker, my brother exploded; mini-waterfalls erupted from his eyes and tears ran like rivers down his face. He ran into his room. Mommy got up from the bed and followed him.

I sat there on Mommy's bed alone. My night light was still on and I could see a soft, yellow glow escape into the hallway. I pulled my legs to my chest and ever so slightly began to rock. What was going to happen to our family? Daddy was leaving. My Daddy was gone. I didn't have a family anymore.

Selection by Ryan Bernard

Skyline High School
Longmont, Colorado

Supervising Teacher: Michelle H. Small

FIELD OF DREAMS

(This exploratory essay served as a speech for my graduating class baccalaureate.)

When I was younger, an elementary teacher told me life's secrets are often revealed within the pages of fables, tales, and stories. Looking back, I'm quite sure she meant this wisdom would come from the recognized works of famous authors such as Cervantes, Aesop, or even Dr. Suess. However, the story which holds the most significance for me was written by a slightly less renowned author—W.P. Kinsella. That story by W.P. Kinsella is entitled Shoeless Joe. Perhaps you know it better as the award-winning film adaption, Field of Dreams.

Although his story is not as well known as Don Quixote, The Tortoise and the Hare, or even The Little Engine That Could, its message is just as important. It is a story of vision, risks, courage, resilience, perseverance, and finally triumph. It is a story about human endeavors.

The story follows the incredibly soulful journey of Iowa farmer Ray Kinsella. Facing the future and searching for the past, Kinsella listens to a voice and to his heart. He risks almost everything to build a baseball field on valuable farm land. Although outsiders criticize his actions, and at times his hopes wear thin, in the end, Kinsella's hard work, faith, and perseverance help him create his very own, very magical, field of dreams.

We, too, can build our own field of dreams. We can be the authors of our own magical tales. A sincere vision is the first step towards making our dreams come true. Each of us is an original, and so naturally, each of us hopes to achieve different goals, in different areas, at different levels. But therein lies the beauty of differences. Differences create possibilities. And only we can put limits on the opportunities and possibilities open to us. I can guarantee that nothing worth having will come easy. Writer Tom Robbins once said, "To fuel the magic of dreams, it takes risks . . . it takes extremes."

Our own class motto reads, "The only thing sadder than a work unfinished is one never begun." You have to take a chance to get something in return. You have to risk to get started. Whenever I hesitate to do something, I remember a meaningful quotation—"A ship in the harbor is safe, but that's not what ships are for." We can just sit back, never leave the harbor, live timidly, and never taste either victory or defeat; or we can abide by our class creed, and follow in the footsteps of an Iowa farmer who pursued his dreams.

It does take courage to risk, believe me. The most fitting definition of courage I've ever heard is "being scared as hell, but doing it anyway." What could be more admirable than that? It takes courage to step into an uncertain situation. We face the very real possibility of mistakes, set-backs, failures, and criticisms, but our dreams won't come true unless we try. "If you don't want to be criticized, don't do anything, don't say anything, don't be anything."

We have to work hard and persevere. Just like Kinsella, we may suffer disappointments. As we follow our separate paths to make our dreams come true we may get knocked down. But here, instead of being discouraged, we must continue forward. Thomas Edison tried 1,780 times before he perfected the light bulb. Adversity reveals character.

It takes hard work to build our fields and just as much hard work to keep the dream alive. Once built, our fields must be cultivated to ensure that they don't become choked by tall grass and weeds. There is a Latin saying—"Res firma, mas firma." Roughly translated, it means "Once you've achieved success, continue to strive for it." There is no room for complacency in our dreams.

We have been given the tools to succeed. Our high school experiences have provided us with them. From the first day I entered Skyline as an intimidated freshman, to now, I've learned quite a bit—a little algebra, a little English, the finer points of pickle ball, and heck, even Savage got through to me with some physics—but I've also learned things not taught in textbooks—including a simple, yet meaningful message contained in the dreamy, yet believable story by W.P. Kinsella.

Now we're ready. We've just begun to create our own possibilities and opportunities; now let's begin to build our own field of dreams.

Selection by Gretchen Shultz

Lafayette High School
Ballwin, Missouri

Supervising Teacher: Jerre Grace

SEX EDUCATION IN THE SCHOOLS

Across the United States, sex education classes should be implemented in school curriculums. Due to the continually rising numbers of unwanted teen pregnancies, sexually transmitted diseases (STDs), and the AIDS epidemic, these classes would provide much needed information to students. John Leo, author of "Sex and School", states that "under 15% of American children get a really good sex education," (55) allowing the other 85% to learn on their own. Informing students about human sexuality and decision making and the consequences of premarital sex, sex education classes have a positive impact on younger generations.

Opponents of sex education classes believe it mentally harms teenagers. They also say that "by teaching contraception, schools are tacitly condoning premarital sex" (Bender and Leone 87). Opponents also feel that human sexuality should be taught in the home along with religious and moral values.

Diane de Mauro and Haffner, sex education experts, state that the "goals of sex education classes are to promote sexual health and sexuality as a natural part of life" (Bender and Leone 90). Consequently, these ideas do not cause mental harm to students. Since all people have sexual feelings that begin at birth, these courses help young people understand their feelings and learn how to respond to them. Learning how to make intelligent decisions helps teens deal with sexual feelings. Sex education classes teach teens the following: steps of decision making, positive benefits of possessing assertive behaviors, and courage to discuss all subjects with their parents. Obviously, these positive qualities of sex education courses eliminate any mental confusion teens face. As noted author Herbert Spencer says, "sex education should be included among the school subjects that are considered essential to the leading of a complete and satisfactory life" (Noll 13).

"Every 31 seconds a teenage girl becomes pregnant in the United States" (Hyde 80) due to ignorance and misconceptions about sex and/or methods of birth control. Informing students about the responsibilities involved with sexual relationships, sex education classes also teach the dangers of teenage pregnancies. Since one-half of teens under age eighteen experience sex, these courses help to clear up misconceptions and warn students about the physical effects of premarital sex. Teaching ways to use each method of birth control proves effective in the prevention of an unwanted pregnancy. Contrary to opponents' beliefs, teens thoroughly informed about the "facts of life" abstain from sexual relationships longer than those not informed. However, if teens choose to get involved sexually, they will at least understand the effectiveness of birth control. Considering that most sexually active teens wait six months to a year before purchasing any form of contraception, these classes help make students aware of their importance. Birth control helps to prevent unwanted pregnancy; it also prevents STDs, especially AIDS. Therefore, teaching contraception in the schools does not promote premarital sex, but instead helps to curb the rising incidence of teenage pregnancies and sexually transmitted diseases.

Adversaries hold opinions that sexuality belongs in the home; supporters, in the schools. An embarrassed or reluctant group, parents choose to ignore the topic and hope their children find the answers on their own. "Only 39% of parents polled by Time said they had frank and open discussions with their teenagers only a few times or not at all" (58). Sex education courses eliminate most problems that parents face. To ease the lack of communication between the two generations, teachers encourage students to discuss material learned in class with their parents. Believing sexuality belongs at home with religious and moral values, the family falsely denies the rights of students to learn about this important information from an unbiased source. All studies show that teaching about sex "does not change the students' values that guide their individual behavior" (Bender and Leone, Teenage 71). Therefore, parents should continue to pass on their values and beliefs to their children and let the schools teach about sexuality.

"Sexuality is a lifelong process of acquiring information and forming attitudes, beliefs, and values about identity, relationships, and intimacy" (Bender and Leone 89). Due to these convictions and the underlying importance of sex education, these courses belong in America's classrooms.

Selection by Jennifer Goneau

Proctor Academy
Andover, New Hampshire

Supervising Teacher: Thomas W. Eslick

IMMIGRANT EXPERIENCE
(RESPONSE TO A WRITTEN TEXT)

A person's whole life is often determined by the way in which she adjusts to drastic change. An example of a drastic modification of routine is "the immigrant experience," or transplantation from one culture to a distinctly different one. Such are the cases of two women, one Chinese-American and the other Dominican, who wrote autobiographies which focused on their personal adjustment to changes in homelands, and thus changes in cultures. Both women are forced to choose between living according to the strict moral values of their families or letting go of their ethnicity to become "Americanized" by the virtues of the tumultuous 1960's. The feelings of ambiguity produced by this choice emotionally affect the protagonists, brewing resentment towards their ancestry for "hindering" their normal development into bonafide Americans. The mixed influence of their families' and native countries' values and American culture in Maxine Hong Kingston's novel The Woman Warrior and Julia Alvarez's How the

Garcia Girls Lost Their Accents results in the protagonists' internal struggles to assimilate themselves into American culture without becoming estranged for abandoning strict, traditional family virtues.

Kingston, author of The Woman Warrior, grapples with the notion of being born as an American while appeasing her native Chinese parents by observing the mores of pure Chinese culture that she has been fed since birth. She observes, "Those of us in the first American generations have had to figure out how the invisible world the emigrants built around our childhood fits in solid America" (5). The customs of China, "the invisible world," are the lifestyle which the protagonist is forced to observe though she has never been able to visit the country to experience what she has been taught. Her upbringing outside of her San Francisco home causes a clash with what to Kingston is virtually a mythical culture. Her mother, Brave Orchid, pushes her Chinese heritage onto the children, for instance, by feeding them bizarre foods (such as raccoon, skunk, mice, and monkey brains) as if they had been living in China. Although maybe she would have enjoyed such cuisine if served in the Far East, where it wasn't so unusual to consume, the already Americanized narrator is repulsed.

Kingston finds that though women are perceived as equal in the U.S. and are supposed to be treated as such, her parents stubbornly insist on rearing their female offspring according to Chinese standards. In China, women are inferior to men, considered stupid, weak, and useful only as slaves. Kingston's entire mythical warrior training in "White Tigers" centers around asserting herself as a strong, stoical, heroic woman, and depicting her parents "carving revenge on her back" as a token of genuine honor. In reality, the protagonist's parents blatantly condemn femaleness, as demonstrated by their employment of a young slave girl back in their native land. The "talk-stories," told with the intention of teaching proper Chinese etiquette, contain negative female connotations ("when we Chinese girls listened to the adults talk-story, we learned that we failed if we grew up to be but wives or slaves"), for example the anecdote about the aunt who committed suicide after giving birth to an illegitimate baby, which was "probably a girl; there is some hope of forgiveness for boys" (19, 15). Kingston's family continually preach the story not only to teach her not to be promiscuous, but because "they want [her] to participate in her punishment" for having "betrayed" her relatives by hindering the flawlessness of the family mandala (16). Part of Kingston's revenge is through publicizing the legacy of the "No Name Woman," knowing that her family would be outraged by her sympathizing with the aunt and portraying her as a victim of intolerance, while she should instead be punishing her soul along with her relatives. Further, the narrator's parents attempt to marry her off to the omnipresent "hulk," illustrating their insistence that their daughter should marry a man as stupid, eccentric, and disabled as she is perceived by them to be. In reaction to this ludicrousness, Kingston lashes out at the dinner table that she's not retarded and should be treated as an intelligent person regardless of her sex, as women in the U.S. were meant to be treated.

As anyone would be if they were constantly derided by their parents, Kingston's childhood self-esteem level was significantly low. Years later, she utilizes her memoir to purge her conscience, burdened by what her parents arbitrarily dictated her not to be, and is finally able to voice the powerful rhetoric brewing within her. This enables Kingston to begin the search for her personal identity without being oppressed by her family to live according to a mythical culture which she had never felt a part of. The Woman Warrior is Kingston's revenge for her mistreatment justified by the customs of proper Chinese society.

In Julia Alvarez's novel, How the Garcia Girls Lost Their Accents, the protagonist, Yolanda, resents that she was born in the Dominican Republic as she becomes frustrated trying to adjust to the "laid-back" American culture. Her wealthy family, formerly part of the oligarchy which ruled their native country, influences Yolanda through their practice of devout Roman Catholicism combined with strict Hispanic culture. Though women are not seen as negatively as in Kingston's novel, in Yolanda's native country the stereotypical "proper" woman is prim, pure, and shyly demure. This ideal drastically contradicts the manner in which women were perceived in the United States during the late 1960's, when the "free love" movement reached its peak and feminism and the demand for women's equality were erupting. At the same time, Yolanda is a confused coed in college, grappling with the decision to preserve her virginity in order to save her family-influenced conscience, or to abandon her old-world virtues and appease her idolized boyfriend, Rudolf Brodermann Elmenhurst (the third). She knows that if she doesn't sleep with Rudy, she will lose him, but Yolanda painfully decides that her Dominican morals can not be melted down simply because she is in the United States. As a result, Rudy leaves her, bringing Yolanda to regret her decision and condemn her immigrant naivete:

> For the hundredth time, I cursed my immigrant origins. If only I too had been born in Connecticut or Virginia, I too would understand the jokes everyone was making on the last two digits of the year, 1969; I too would be having sex and smoking dope; I too would have suntanned parents who took me skiing in Colorado over Christmas break, and I would say things like "no shit" without feeling like I was imitating someone else. (95)

In order to avoid a similar experience like the one with Rudy, Yolanda defies the image of the vestal virgin and sleeps with other men until she marries John. The marriage ends on account of the couple's inability to communicate: not only in terms of a language barrier, but Yolanda develops a physical allergic reaction to John's expression of his love for her. Eventually, any mention of words even insinuating love become so debilitating that she is confined to a psychiatric clinic to treat her psuedo-schizophrenia. Yolanda begins to describe herself as shattered into three factions, which she names her head-slash-heart-slash-soul. She is divided emotionally, as are the two cultures she has been forced to choose between since her childhood. It is possible that the pressure of having to differentiate between the polarized acceptability standards of two societies afflicts Yolanda physically and emotionally.

Maxine Hong Kingston's narrative The Woman Warrior and Julia Alvarez's novel How the Garcia Girls Lost Their Accents both portray the struggles of women of foreign ancestry to adjust to American culture. While they strive to ensure their personal tranquility, these women attempt to hold a grasp on the moral values of their emigrant families. Both women experience internal conflict and strife as a result of their choices: by publishing a personal testament of her anger for being force-fed Chinese culture (the intense rage directed particularly at her parents), Kingston loses the remaining scrap of respect she had been receiving, while Yolanda Garcia de la Torre's psychological state becomes as divided as her options in preserving her Dominican values while attempting to nurture a normal American lifestyle.

Selection by Kerin Shellenbarger

Waynesville High School
Waynesville, Ohio

Supervising Teacher: Betty King

HAIL TO THE HOG
(RESPONSE TO A WRITTEN TEXT)

The "Sow" by Sylvia Plath is a light poem about a very heavy pig. This bristly haired beast is presented in contrasting views from that of the farmer and of the narrator. The witty language of the poem reveals the farmer's pride in his realistic sow, the narrator's view of the idealistic sow, and the reader's combined perception of both. This self-indulgent, obese sow is enhanced by the speaker's use of literary devices. These devices make the perceptions alive with vivid color and an air of sly humor.

This proud pig father farmer has a secret sow which he dearly loves and prizes, keeping it "impounded from public stare, prize ribbon and pig show." By doing so, he presents his cloven-hoofed mass as his own creation—a barnyard masterpiece. Yet he does not consider his sow (child?) to be more than just a grand animal, as god-sow as it may seem. The image of the farmer as he "thwacked the barrel nape" enhances his view that it is just a realistic, but very large, pig. His hog-awe is merely pride for his accomplishment rather than the animal as a thinking and dreaming being.

The narrator seems to have a much more romantic view of the sow. She realizes that the sow is by no means an ordinary pig stuffed with pennies, potatoes, or piglets, but the sow itself is a "Monument." The narrator believes that this stout-snouted creature is not only enormous, but also the delicate and dreamy type. The speaker fantasizes of the sow's possible thoughts behind her "dreamed-filmed eyes" and how it may imagine a "gristly-bristled boar" to sweep her off her fat feet. Disgust replaces awe and curiosity at the end of the poem. Here, the narrator finally sees the enormous sow as a typical hog who holds no bounds for feeding.

The reader receives both of these vivid perceptions and finds humor in the seemingly serious thoughts of the sow's owner (father?) and visitor. Humor is also channeled through the allusion to Gulliver's Travels with the word Brobdingnag—60 foot giants—to describe the big pig. The language of the poem also helps the reader perceive this massive heap of fatty tissue. The use of alliteration and rhyme affects the light pattern and strong imagery. "Belly-bedded" and "Brobdingnag bulk" give the sound quality of being big and bouncy—as if the reader were to grow a sow in the place of his tongue and read. "Hulk, bulk" and "bristled, whistled" are a few of the rhymes that also emphasize the light and humorous tone of the poem, contrasted by the sheer enormity of this grunting ton.

Overall, the mixed presentation of this poor sow is made alive by pride, awe, and disgust brought on by the farmer and the narrator. The subject matter may weigh thousands of pounds, but its contrasting light tone makes it enjoyable for the reader. The sow, however, may be offended by some of these views, but if she has already "proceeded to swill the seven troughed seas," she probably doesn't care.

Appendix A: 1992 Scoring Guide for Portfolios

General Directions: Each portfolio should be read holistically and given a single comprehensive score on a six-point scale ("6" is high and "1" is low). In determining that single score, do not average the four pieces but judge the quality of the portfolio as a whole. In doing so, give greater weight to the longer and more substantial pieces, and reward variety and creativity. Please consult the chief reader if you believe a portfolio does not meet the stated requirements or if for any other reason you have trouble scoring it.

6 A portfolio that is excellent in overall quality. It is characteristically substantial in content (both length and development) and mature in style. It demonstrates an ability to handle varied prose tasks successfully and to use language creatively and effectively. Voice tends to be strong, and there is usually a clear sense of audience and context. Often, there is a close connection between the writer's sense of self and the writing—and/or a sense of thematic unity within the four separate portfolio pieces. A "6" portfolio typically takes risks that work—either in content or form—and challenges the reader by trying something new.

5 A portfolio that is very good in overall quality. It suggests the excellence that the "6" portfolio demonstrates. Typically, a "5" portfolio is substantial in content, although its pieces are not as fully developed as a "6," and it uses language effectively but not as creatively as a "6." It suggests an ability to handle varied prose tasks successfully, and its voice is clear and distinct if not powerful. Sense of audience and context is clearly present if not always firm. A "5" portfolio tends not to take as many risks as a "6."

4 A portfolio that is good in overall quality. The writing is competent both in content and style. There are more strengths than weaknesses, but there may be an unevenness of quality or underdevelopment in one or two pieces. The reader may want "more" to be fully convinced of the writer's ability to handle varied prose tasks successfully and to use language effectively. There is a sense of audience and context, but some of the writing may seem formulaic or lack strong voice. There tends to be minimal risk-taking or originality.

3 A portfolio that is fair in overall quality. It suggests the competence that a "4" portfolio demonstrates. Strengths and weaknesses tend to be evenly balanced—either within or among the four pieces. One or more of the pieces may be too brief or underdeveloped. There is some evidence of the writer's ability to handle varied prose tasks successfully and to use language effectively, but it is offset by recurring problems in either or both content and style. A "3" portfolio often lacks both a clear sense of audience and a distinctive voice.

2 A portfolio that is below average in overall quality. It does not suggest the writing competence that a "3" portfolio does. Weaknesses clearly predominate over strengths. The writing may be clear, focused, and error-free, but it is usually thin in substance and undistinguished in style. Two or more of the pieces may be either short and undeveloped or abstract and vague. Moreover, the writer rarely takes risks, relying instead on formulas and cliches. There is little evidence of the writer's ability to handle varied prose tasks successfully. The few strengths of a "2" are more than overbalanced by significant weaknesses.

1 A portfolio that is poor in overall quality. There are major weaknesses and few, if any, strengths. A "1" portfolio lacks the redeeming qualities of a "2." It is usually characterized by brief pieces that are unoriginal and uncreative in content and style. The portfolio seems to have been put together with very little time and thought.

Appendix B: 1993 Description of Portfolio Contents

A portfolio consists of a completed information form together with the following four (4) equally important pieces of prose writing. Poetry may be included as part of any of the pieces. Miami's Department of English follows the NCTE *Guidelines for Nonsexist Use of Language*.

1. A Reflective Letter

This letter, addressed to Miami University writing teachers, introduces you and your portfolio. It may describe the process used in creating any one portfolio piece, discuss important choices in creating the portfolio, explain the place of writing in your life, chronicle your development as a writer, assess the strengths and weaknesses of your writing, or combine these approaches. Your letter should give readers a clearer understanding of who you are as a writer and as a person.

2. A Story or a Description

This narrative or descriptive piece should be based upon your own experience. Its aim is to communicate a significant experience rather than explain it. Your writing will most likely be personal and informal. A short story is acceptable.

3. An Explanatory, Exploratory, or Persuasive Essay

It may be formal or informal in style, but it should have a strong focus and a clear central idea or direction. The aim of both an explanatory or exploratory essay is to be informative and enlightening, but an explanatory essay *answers* questions whereas an exploratory essay *raises* them. The aim of a persuasive paper is to be convincing, to change the reader's mind or heart or both. A paper that explains a physical process—a "how-to" paper—is not appropriate. Neither is a research paper that merely assembles information from other sources and is not based on your own ideas. This essay may have been begun in a high school course other than English.

4. A Response to a Written Text

This essay should respond to a short story, novel, poem, play, or piece of non-fiction prose written by a professional, a classmate, or yourself. It may interpret all or part of the text, evaluate it, show how it works, explain its significance, compare it to other texts, relate it to personal experience and values, or combine these approaches. Even if some secondary sources are used, readers should come away with a strong sense of your own response to the text. (If the text is not commonly known, a copy of it should be included in the portfolio.)

Appendix C: 1993 Guidelines for Portfolio Submission

1. All materials must be mailed on or before June 1, 1993 by your supervising teacher—the English teacher most familiar with the pieces in your portfolio. The supervising teacher signs a form that, to the best of her or his knowledge, all writing in the portfolio is your own. You sign a similar statement.

2. Arrange your portfolio items in this order: a) completed information form; b) reflective letter; c) story or description; d) explanatory, exploratory, or persuasive essay; and e) response to a written text.

3. Your written work—not counting the information form and not counting the draft material requested in #4 below—should in no case exceed 12 typed, doublespaced pages (8.5 x 11").

4. For any one piece, include all draft material (paper clipped at the end of the appropriate essay).

5. All items—except the draft material of item #4 above—must be free of teachers' comments, grades, and markings.

6. Do not write your name anywhere except on the information form, but do write your social security number in the upper right corner of each page. Pieces 2, 3, and 4 should have a title.

7. No staples should be used. The 5-item portfolio should be fastened with a paper clip.

8. Papers written in class or out of school, including college application essays, are acceptable. Papers may be revised after being returned by a teacher.

9. You will be rewarded for originality and variety so long as you observe "Portfolio Contents."

10. Portfolio submission costs $21, but you will receive a $10 gift certificate from Follett's Miami Coop Bookstore and you will not be billed until the summer. Results will be available by mid-June—in time for registration at summer orientation.

PORTFOLIOS MUST BE
POSTMARKED NO LATER THAN
JUNE 1, 1993

Send to

PORTFOLIO
Department of English
Miami University
Oxford, OH 45056
(513) 529-5221

Appendix D: 1993 Portfolio Information Form

To the Student: Complete the first half of this form (type or print) and give it to your supervising teacher along with your portfolio and a stamped 10 x 13 envelope addressed to Portfolio, Department of English, Miami University, Oxford, Ohio 45056.

Student's Name: ______________________________

Social Security Number: ______________________________

Student's Home Address: (street) ______________________________

(city) ____________________ (state) ____________________

(zip) ____________________ Home Phone (______) ____________________

Will you be (check one): ____ an entering first-year student ____ an upperclass Miami student

____ a transfer student ____ other ____________________

At what Miami campus will you enroll (check one): ____ Oxford ____ Hamilton ____ Middletown

I pledge that all the writing included in the attached portfolio is my own, and I grant Miami University permission to publish all or part of its contents.

Signature of Student ______________________________

* * * * *

To the Teacher: If you believe this portfolio contains only the student's own work, please complete this form, insert it and the portfolio into the envelope provided, and mail it by June 1, 1993. Thank you!

Name of Supervising Teacher: ______________________________

Teacher's Home Phone Number: ______________________________

Teacher's Home Address: (street) ______________________________

(city) ____________________ (state) ____________________ (zip) ____________________

Name of High School: ______________________________

Principal's Name: ______________________________

High School Address: (street) ______________________________

(city) ____________________ (state) ____________________ (zip) ____________________

To the best of my knowledge, the attached portfolio has been written by this student.

Signature of Teacher ______________________________

This form may be reproduced

Appendix E: 1992 Supervising Teachers

Mary E. Aguirre	Forest Hills Northern High School
Lauryne Alexis-Boyd	Cincinnati Country Day School
Gomer V. Allen	Upper Arlington High School
Sue Ann Allen	Henry Clay High School
Kelly L. Aninao	Felicity-Franklin High School
Carolyn J. Anthony	Richmond Heights High School
Thomas P. Archibald	South Lakes High School
Cathleen Arnold	Winton Woods High School
Jean Aumuller	Dublin High School
Susan K. Bail	Homestead High School
Deborah A. Baker	Columbian High School
Camille Balaban	Voorhees High School
Nancy Barker	Norwood High School
Barbara L. Barthel	Hoover High School
Jenny Barthold	Maumee Valley Country Day School
Diane Bateman	Northwestern High School
Joseph Bauers	Champaign Central High School
Thomas J. Beatty	Wheeling Park High School
Virginia M. Becker	St. Thomas High School
Kenneth C. Beckley	Newcomerstown High School
Suzanne Foster	Northwest Senior High School
Peggie Bell	Worthington Christian High School
Linda Berry	Oldham County High School
Samuel J. Bertino	Lockport High School
Patricia R. Biehl	Marysville High School
Monika Bilby	Stonewall Jackson High School
Christine Billone	Naperville North High School
Lois Bluhm	Magnificat High School
Roberta S. Boggess	Del Norte High School
Parmelia P. Boyer	Fremont Ross High School
Connie Brandt	Logan High School
James Brooks	Chaminade-Julienne High School
Linda L. Brown	Butler High School
Michael S. Bruner	Pikesville High School
Barbara A. Bulthaup	Westerville North High School
Leslie T. Bush	Finneytown High School
Michael E. Bush	Ripley High School
Janice J. Busher	Ravenna High School
Mary H. Campbell	Westerville North High School
William P. Carey	Roger Bacon High School
Ricks Carson	Pace Academy
Katy Charles	Princeton High School
Mary T. Christel	Adlai E. Stevenson High School
Richard Chute	George Washington High School
Harriet L. Ciphoff	Troy High School
Tom Clark Jr.	Jackson High School
Lisa B. Cohen	Hewlett High School
Milton R. Cohen	Amity Regional Senior High School
Frank A. Cole	Upper Arlington High School
Don Colussi	Colerain High School
Lucy S. Coney	Gahanna Lincoln High School
William Conley	Benet Academy
David J. Contini	Dover High School
Carolyn Corbin	Yellow Springs High School
Richard Corcoran	Smithtown High School West
Susan Couzens	Northville High School
Robert N. Cox	Joel Barlow High School
Eula Crane	Mendham High School
Janet L. Crawford	Adrian High School
Lisa E. Crosley	Ridgeville Christian School
Robert A. Csongei	Solon High School
Amelia J. Curl	Princeton High School
Dale P. Dassonville	Buffalo Grove High School
Patricia Davidson	Southwest High School
J. M. Davis	Naperville North High School
William DeAngelo	Canfield High School
Mary Anne Demas	Homewood Flossmoor High School
Betty Deon	Zionsville High School
Kathy Derrick	Mt. Notre Dame High School
Virginia L. Devine	Pope John Paul II High School
Charles Devor	Greenville High School
Paulette M. Dewey	Robert S. Rogers High School
Judith I. Dickey	Danville High School
Lisa DiMarco	Benet Academy
Barbara A. Dios	Austintown Fitch High School
Charles R. Dodsworth	Northmont Senior High School
Joyce G. Don	Manchester High School
Daniel L. Donovan	Upper Arlington High School
Patricia L. Drake	Centerville High School
Carol T. Dressman	Mother of Mercy High School
Donald Dunstan	Greenon High School
Michael R. Durbin	Anthony Wayne High School
Jill Easter	Lakota High School
Nancy Eastman	Smithtown High School West
Dennis J. Ebner	Trinity High School
Kathy Elifrits	Rolla High School
Margaret A. Ellis	Northwest High School
Marilyn Elzey	Talawanda High School
Elsie M. Engelhaupt	Centennial High School
Sona Eppenstein	Swanton High School
Thomas W. Eslick	Proctor Academy
Frances Ewers	East Lyme High School
Brooke B. Farkas	Boardman High School
Nancy Fellenbaum	Manheim Township High School
Linda Fendley	Zionsville Community High School
Kenneth J. Ferris	Princeton High School
Nanette M. Fetter	Southview High School
Joseph Finucane	Williamsville North High School
Thomas R. Fischer	Lyons Township High School
Lillian M. Fisher	Hempfield Area Senior High School
Norma Foote	Brecksville-Broadview Hts. High School
Margaret J. Ford	Memorial High School
Suzanne Foster	Chaney High School
Steven Fox	Shaker Heights High School
Martin V. Friess	Delta High School
L. K. Fry	Merrillville Senior High School
Allan Fuller	Thomas Worthington High School
Julienne Gagliardi	Boardman High School
Thomas Geier	Mt. Notre Dame High School
Joseph Geiger	Cleveland Heights High School

Ellen Geisler	Mentor High School
Elaine Giermak	University High School
Gary L. Gilmer	Kings High School
Janice L. Godbey	Stephen T. Badin High School
Sally K. Goins	West Muskingum High School
Susan Gooch	Pike High School
Susan E. Good	Villa Duchesne
Jerre Grace	Lafayette High School
Tom Graler	Sycamore High School
Jim Green	Crystal Lake Central High School
Debbie Greenberg	Whitfield School
Arlene Gregory	R. B. Hayes High School
Margaret A. Guentert	Walnut Hills High School
Donna S. Guith	Troy High School
Julia Gullett	Norwalk High School
Patricia Haas	St. Joseph's High School
Polly S. Hadden	Louisville High School
Donna B. Hadley	Sycamore High School
Lisa Hahns	St. Charles High School
Hazel Haley	Lakeland High School
Margaret A. Hall	Wilmington High School
Thomas J. Hall	Westside High School
Grace Hamilton	Polytechnic School
Loraine S. Hammack	Beachwood High School
DJ Hammond	Madeira High School
Margery Hankinson	Lexington Senior High School
Elizabeth A. Hanno	Milford High School
Robert M. Hastings	Orange High School
Jane Heiser	Mariemont High School
James L. Hemmert	Carroll High School
Marcia M. Hemmert	Carroll High School
John Henning	Marlington High School
Susan A. Herman	Beavercreek High School
Marilyn R. Herring	Ursuline Academy
Michael C. Hiltbrunner	Bishop Ready High School
Barbara Himley	Elgin High School
Mary L. Hockenbery	Bexley High School
Kay Hogan	Cleveland Heights High School
David L. Hohmann	Morgantown High School
Jane Holbrook	Franklin High School
Donald P. Holloway	West Springfield High School
Elizabeth Holt	Notre Dame High School
Kathy S. Homrig	Lawrence North High School
Jayne Honnold	Chillicothe High School
Thomas E. Horns	St. Johns High School
Carrol Horrocks	Glastonbury High School
Maxine W. Houck	Howland High School
George Hougham	Centennial Collegiate & Vocational Inst.
Tanya L. House	Medina Senior High School
Robert G. Howard	Memorial High School
Rod Howe	Westside High School
Elizabeth Hoyle	Milford High School
Shelley R. Hulsey	Magnolia High School
John F. Hussong	St. Xavier High School
John A. Ianacone	Indian Hills High School
Patricia M. Isaac	Bethel-Tate High School
Mary Ann Jacobsen	Newark High School
Vernon S. Jensen	Edina High School

Barbara F. Jones	Marian High School
Kurt M. Jordan	Concordia Lutheran High School
Roseann Julian	Talawanda High School
Marjorie Kaiman	St. Joseph's Academy
Patricia Kaiser	Harding High School
Jacqualine Kasprowski	Lorain Catholic High School
Kenneth C. Keener	Moeller High School
James G. Keller	St. Francis de Sales High School
Emily Kelley	Miami University
Ellen Kelly	Shaker Heights High School
Janet Kessler	Clermont Northeastern High School
Jennifer Kiernan	Perrysburg High School
Betty King	Waynesville High School
Raymond Kizelevicus	Saint Ignatius College Prep School
Sharla R. Kizer	Ottawa-Glandorf High School
Donald T. Klever	Maumee High School
John Kluge	Kimball Union Academy
Rory M. Kocica	Hamilton High School
Eileen Kolat	Hubbard High School
Sharon Kourous	Perrysburg High School
Gayle A. Kowzan	Oak Hills High School
Cheryl L. Kozlow	Homewood-Flossmoor High School
Lawrence M. Kraft	Libertyville High School
John Kuehn	Kettering Fairmont High School
Nanette M. Kunz	Bethel-Tate High School
Greg M. Kurtz	Dayton Christian High School
Carol J. Kwiatkowski	Bedford High School
Jane Lambert	Green Bay East High School
Beth F. Lange	Preble Shawnee High School
D. Bruce Lanning	Westlake High School
Norma P. Law	West Carrollton Senior High School
Thomas E. Leahey	Union City Community High School
Sherri Leasure	Franklin Monroe High School
Richard D. LeDuc	Bellows Falls Union High School
Judith S. Lehley	North Central High School
James M. Lewis	Hawken School
John J. Livecchi	Hunterdon Central High School
Richard A. Livingston	Niles North High School
Agathaniki C. Locklear	Simon Kenton High School
Anne F. Lodge	Columbus School for Girls
Breda Loncar	Willoughby South High School
Monica Long	Woodrow Wilson High School
Susan H. Lowry	Fairbanks High School
Therese D. Lustic	Hudson High School
Darby Lyons	Wyoming High School
Shirley A. Lyster	North High School
Cynthia L. Marini	Strongsville Senior High School
Betsy A. Martin	New Lexington High School
Mary Martin	Richard Montgomery High School
Sr. Rose Marie Masserano	St. Cecilia Academy
Anna McEwen	Ann Arbor Pioneer High School
Kevin C. McHugh	Finneytown High School
Jody McNatt	Chagrin Falls High School
Patrick McWilliams	Illinois Mathematics & Science Academy
Cindra Meier	Lawrence North High School
Linda L. Meixner	Valley Forge High School
Thomas Menger	Peoria Notre Dame High School
Dorothy M. Miles	Brookfield High School

Charles F. Miller	Toledo Christian School
Dave Miller	Genoa High School
Mark A. Miller	Lincoln High School
Charles Millheim	Bay High School
Rev. Gregory Mohrman	St. Louis Priory School
Shirley Montgomery	Lakota High School
Dudley A. Morgan	Fayetteville-Manlius High School
Ross E. Morrow	Upper Canada College
Marcia Moskowitz	Parkway West High School
Linda Nance	Indiana Area Senior High School
Marlene A. Napalo	West Geauga High School
Diane Mastro Nard	Cardinal Mooney High School
John P. Nash	Brush High School
Brenda G. Neel	Canton McKinley Senior High School
Marilyn F. Neff	Brookside High School
Frances E. Nelson	Coshocton High School
Martha Newcomb	Saint Xavier High School
Patricia Noland	Ladue Horton Watkins High School
David Nungesser	Watkins Memorial High School
James M. Obergfell	Cathedral High School
Paul D. Ott	Cardinal Gibbons High School
Linda Owen	Orchard Park Senior High School
Barbara Parker-Dani	North Central High School
Robert S. Patterson	Cincinnati Country Day School
Fred F. Paulenich	Crestwood High School
Joseph W. Peacock	Manual High School
Sandra J. Peters	Zionsville Community High School
Nancy Peterson	West High School
Rebecca Petronsky	Carlynton Junior-Senior High School
Robert Petrovic	Euclid High School
Michael Petrus	Bridgewater Raritan High School
Randall Pfeiffer	Upper Arlington High School
Donna J. Phillips	Springboro High School
Doug Pierson	Westside High School
Daniel Piquet	St. Louis Country Day School
John C. Polivka	Turpin High School
Larry Polkovitch	Canfield High School
Kathleen Prater	Kenton Senior High School
Joseph Prendergast	Rolling Meadows High School
Bonnie Pritchard	Blanchester High School
Portia Pyle	Wooster High School
Penny Rauzi	Mount Vernon High School
Christine Redman	Midland High School
Thomas W. Rhody	Crescent Valley High School
Mark D. Roberts	Caldwell High School
Ann Robinson	Warsaw Community High School
Lisa Rohde-Barbeau	Northville High School
Ann McClain Roher	Wadsworth Senior High School
Donald Ross	Springboro High School
Barbara Rottura	Rocky River High School
Daniel M. Rourke	Saint Ignatius High School
Bonnie Rupe	Edgewood High School
Kathryn Russell	West Springfield High School
Suzanne P. Ryan	Saint Ignatius College Prep School
Wendy Saiff	West Windsor-Plainsboro High School
Jonathan C. Sauer	Washington High School
Thomas A. Savon	Thomas Worthington High School
Mary Sawan	Our Lady of the Elms High School
Joanne K. Scarvell	Ravenna High School
Larry J. Schenck	Centerville High School
Susan Schenkelberg	Saint Ignatius High School
Christopher Schillig	Lehman High School
Stephen G. Schmidt	Strongsville Senior High School
Roderic W. Schmidt, Jr.	Cabrillo High School
Susan I. Schneider	Canton High School-C.E.P.
Cynthia Schoenhoff	Worthington Kilbourne High School
C. S. W. Schorr	Chatham High School
Jewel Seehaus	Matawan Regional High School
Kenneth Semes	Syosset High School
James J. Semon	Wayne High School
Bonnie Shackleton	North Olmsted High School
Margaret K. Shanahan	Papillion-LaVista High School
Donna M. Sheridan	Magnificat High School
Joyce E. Shrimplin	Wadsworth Senior High School
Susanne Sines	Hamilton High School
Brenda Singleton	Chaminade College Prep School
Michelle H. Small	Skyline High School
Jaime Smith	Lemon Monroe High School
Jennifer Smith	Beavercreek High School
Judy Speers	Regina Dominican High School
Duane Stein	Waukesha North High School
Susan M. Stein	Creighton Preparatory
Marjorie Stelmach	Ladue Horton Watkins High School
JoAnn A. Sternke	Shorewood High School
Wanda Stevens	Carlisle High School
Lynn Stevenson	William V. Fisher High School
Joyce Stocker	River View High School
Sharon Stone	Granville High School
Marilyn Stout	Fredericktown High School
Evelyn Straits	Ashland High School
Ronald P. Straka	Austintown-Fitch High School
Michael Stratton	Middletown High School
Mildred Swart	Seaholm High School
Laura K. Switzer	Strongsville Senior High School
Frank Thompson	Valley High School
Mary Ann Tille	Ayersville High School
Stephen G. Torj	Vincennes Lincoln High School
Sr. Rita Mary Trudeau	Notre Dame Academy
Steve Turner	Hamilton High School
Karen Valesek	Lake High School
Ruth Van Witzenburg	Buffalo Grove High School
Diana Evans Vance	Hilliard High School
John K. Vargo	Shaker Heights High School
J. B. Vasc[illegible]l	Thomas Downey High School
Kathleen Veith	Hudson High School
Robert Voorhees	Cincinnati Country Day School
Barbara Wagner	Maranatha Christian High School
J. Michael Wagner	Princeton High School
Trudy Wagner	Upper St. Clair High School
Lisa K. Walker	Warren High School
Andrew Warfield	Libertyville High School
Edward Warshow	Scotch Plains-Fanwood High School
Thomas R. Watts	Celina Senior High School
Kalinde C. Webb	Talawanda High School
William C. Weber	Libertyville High School
Sandra M. Weichert	Lawrence Central High School

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Carol Welking	Carrollton High School
Robert West	Indian Hill High School
Cindy Whetstone	Perry High School
James White	Oshkosh North High School
Jean Whiteman	Glenbard West High School
Paige Whitten	Mills E. Godwin High School
Marilyn J. Wills	Wapakoneta High School
Robert Wilson	Perry High School
Phyllis B. Wimberly	Wilson High School
James D. Withers	Pace Academy
Kelly Williams-McIntosh	West Liberty-Salem High School
Melissa Wolfe	Sycamore High School
Barbara J. Wylie	Wilton High School
Van D. Young	Elkhart Central High School